New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVI · No. 1441 SATURDAY · 25 OCTOBER 1958 NINEPENCE

Law of Public Meeting
by C. H. Rolph

★

Art of Noel Coward
by John Raymond

★

Brendan Behan
by Christopher Logue

Comments on the Week's News .. 546
Fog at London Airport 549
The Failed BAs. Mary Stewart .. 550
London Diary. Maurice Richardson .. 550
Paradox. Reginald Reynolds 551
This England 551
Breach of the Peace. C. H. Rolph .. 551
Rhodesia Caught Napping 552
Zuleika Next? J. P. W. Mallalieu .. 554
The Calves. Naomi Mitchison .. 554

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

London Film Festival. David Sylvester 556
The Master of Brno—I. Desmond Shawe-Taylor 557
One Up to ITV. Tom Driberg 558
Blue Note. Francis Newton 558
The Falsifiers. John Berger 559
The Square Fella. Robert Robinson .. 560
Britten's Night Thoughts. Jeremy Noble 560

CORRESPONDENCE

Terence Morris, T. I. Richardson, J. W. Nixon, Duncan B. Clulow, Frank F. Lee, Edward Hyams, B. Hughes, Dredagh J. Drain, Frank Dawtry, John Berger, Frank Lynas 560

Books in General:
Play, Orchestra, Play! John Raymond 563
Poems by D. J. Enright, Ted Hughes, David Rokeah 564

REVIEWS

The Dumb Colossus. Paul Johnson .. 564
What Happened to Ginger? Christopher Logue 566
New Novels. Pamela Hansford Johnson 567
A Brazilian Diamond. V. S. Pritchett 568
The Great Moral Poet. G. S. Fraser .. 569
Tudor Portraits. John Elliott 569
King Street Theory. Norman MacKenzie 570
Week-end Competition 571
City Lights. Taurus 572
The Chess Board. Assiac 574
Week-end Crossword. Set-square .. 574

The Conference the World Forgot

THE most important diplomatic conference of the year—and perhaps for many years—is due to begin in Geneva next Friday. Britain, the US and Russia have agreed to meet there to discuss the political implementation of the nuclear control test system devised by their technical experts last August. The two western powers have already declared their intention, in principle, of suspending testing as soon as the conference opens for a period of one year. Russia, though critical of the limited period of the western offer and of the conditions with which it is hedged, has made it reasonably clear that she also will discontinue tests on 31 October, provided that the conference actually meets.

The auguries thus seem good. For the first time, it would appear, the two blocs are on the point of accepting a real, if limited, measure of supervised arms-control, which might eventually lead to genuine disarmament. Yet the public mood, as the conference deadline approaches, is one of total apathy; and underlying this is a feeling, in informed quarters, that the meeting may never take place, and that, even if it does, it will be a disastrous failure. The pessimism has been caused, in the first place, by the Russian decision last month to resume tests; a move which—in view of the western failure to seize the chance offered by Russia's unilateral suspension early this year—can be justified in debate, but nevertheless indicates declining Soviet enthusiasm to reach an agreement. And the pessimism has been sharply increased this week by the two western notes to the Soviet Union.

These reply to the Russian suggestion that the conference should take place at foreign minister level: the West, say the notes, is not opposed to sending foreign ministers to the talks, provided progress made in the earlier stages of the conference proves that their presence will be worth while; it should, therefore, open at a purely diplomatic level. If the pattern of the Summit talks is any guide, Russia will refuse to accept negotiations at ambassadorial level, and the conference will be indefinitely postponed for procedural reasons. The Russians will then be tempted to continue testing beyond the deadline, and so provide the West with an excuse for withdrawing its own offer.

The attitude of both sides to this tragic prospect reveals a degree of cynicism to which even a decade of Cold War has not accustomed us. For, even in strictly military terms, neither can hope to gain much by further tests. Both now possess an armoury of weapons ranging from megaton bombs to atomic bullets; and further refinements of destruction are subject to the law of diminishing returns. Throughout the year, the arguments of the opponents of test-suspension have been steadily eroded. The US Atomic Energy Commission's contention that 'pirate' tests could not be policed was exploded by the scientists in August; and at the same time, President Eisenhower decisively overruled the Kissinger-Teller school, who held that suspension would give Russia a decisive military advantage. Russia, for her part, has always maintained that tests are self-policing, and with her huge conventional armaments she has even less to fear from the military consequences of suspension.

Indeed, the only explanation for the reluctance, on both sides, to cross the threshold of agreement seems to be the paralysing psychology of the Cold War: the ingrown fear, among its professional partisans, of entering an unknown world, where the old reflexes are no longer adequate, where public opinion will become mobile again, where people will once more need convincing. For the Cold Warriors, spring is the cruellest season.

Yet, since the technical case against test-control has already been surrendered, this is surely an instance where public opinion, if alerted, can impose a new mood on its leaders. For delay will have to be bought by the lives of ordinary people. This week's inquest on the second serviceman to die after the Christmas Island tests reveals once more the astonishing medical and scientific ignorance of the effects of radiation. We do not know how this officer died; but we can be reasonably sure that, by continuing tests, we are storing up death, not many years ahead, for tens of thousands of our fellow-creatures. Even in the blinkered intelligences of Mr. Dulles and Selwyn Lloyd, one would have thought these lives rated a trip to Geneva.

Comments on the Week's News

Dulles on Formosa

Why did the Chinese open fire again on Quemoy just as Mr Dulles flew into Formosa? They have, it seems, come to much the same conclusion as commentators in the west who believe that Dulles has reverted to the 'inflexible' position from which he was pushed back three weeks ago. Once the cease-fire had been extended, and criticism of the US, and within the US, had died down, Dulles seems to have convinced himself that he had intimidated the Communists and that Chiang's forces could be left on the off-shore islands. Indeed, he now seems to be moving towards a much more definite commitment to help hold them. This would be in keeping with the pattern of US policy towards Chiang. When he agreed to a cease-fire in the autumn of 1954, he was given a mutual defence treaty by the US. When the Tachens were evacuated in January, 1955, Dulles and Eisenhower rushed the Formosa Declaration through Congress. Now the Nationalist press on Formosa is suggesting that the price of reducing the garrisons on Quemoy and Matsu will be an American guarantee to defend them. This would be a disastrous decision. At the time of the last crisis in the Formosa Straits, General Ridgway was the US army chief of staff, and an opponent of intervention. He has since written: 'To go to war for Quemoy and Matsu, to me would seem an unwarranted and tragic course . . . they constituted no more than listening posts on an outpost line of observation. They had little value as offensive bases . . . there is no major military objective on the mainland that lies within 300 miles. If we were to go into Red China with ground forces, we certainly would not use Quemoy. Neither do the Reds have to have Quemoy for an invasion of Formosa.' These comments by General Ridgway remain true.

More Hoggishness

The legal issues raised by the disgraceful scenes of violence perpetrated by Tory stewards and delegates at Blackpool are discussed by C. H. Rolph on another page. As he points out, the law as it stands is vague and contradictory, and it may be that the injured Empire Loyalists have no other means of redress than a civil action for assault. But Lord Hailsham's extraordinary outbursts in his letters to Mr A. K. Chesterton and *The Times* have now raised an important constitutional issue—the right of dissenters to attend meetings organised by a political party. Pruned of their verbosity, his letters appear to maintain that no political group—especially if it is small—has the right to organise systematic attendance at the meetings of another group—especially if it is large—for the purpose of heckling; and he draws no distinction between public and private meetings. Such a theory is quite incompatible with established usage in this country, which has always welcomed public political argument; and it would speedily lead to the position reached in France on 8 September, when de Gaulle's 'public' meeting in the Place de la République was attended by 20,000 armed police to ensure the 'purity' of the audience. Many prominent Tories are known to be appalled by Hailsham's crude handling of the incident; they believe, rightly, that he should have confined his letters to deploring the violence which took place, and promising that it shall not occur again. It is to be hoped they will make their dissent public. Perhaps the most absurd aspect of the controversy is that the Loyalists are not, as Hailsham seems to suppose, a serious menace to political meetings: as Mrs Castle has pointed out in her admirable letter to *The Times* on Tuesday, an experienced speaker should have no difficulty in making fools of such interrupters and peacefully ensuring their departure.

Macmillan and the Cotton Trade

Mr Macmillan, in his speech last week-end at the cotton conference at Harrogate, gave no encouragement at all to those who have been urging the government to ban or limit importation of cotton and cotton goods from the Commonwealth countries of Asia, especially from Hong Kong, with whose representatives negotiations—so far abortive—for a voluntary agreement to limit imports to Great Britain, have been proceeding. Mr Macmillan rightly pointed out that it would be a very serious matter to restrict entry of Commonwealth manufactures to the British market, and that the undeveloped Commonwealth countries cannot hope to improve their standard of living unless they can find markets for their exports. On these grounds he very strongly urged the representatives of the British cotton industry to resume negotiations with the Hong Kong exporters and to make a really determined effort to achieve a voluntary settlement. This they are much more likely to do now that they are fully aware of the government's attitude. Lancashire has had long enough to accustom itself to the idea that the great days of the cotton industry are dead and gone, and that it cannot hope to compete as an exporter with countries where labour is both cheap and plentiful. But it has still to accustom itself to taking as a matter of course the inroads of such countries' exports into the British home market. It is well that it should be disillusioned of the hope that the British government will come to its rescue at the cost of a serious worsening of Commonwealth relations and of a direct negation of its declared policy of help to the underdeveloped Commonwealth countries.

'If there are any bloody noses coming or cauliflower ears to be got, let them be mine'
—Lord Hailsham, 21 October 1957

Abortion and Family Welfare

The Home Secretary has said several times in recent years that he does not see any need for a change in the laws about therapeutic abortion, and that there is no demand for such a change from the medical profession. He should find time to go to a few public meetings like the one addressed on Wednesday night at Caxton Hall, London, by Dr Glanville Williams and Mrs Lena Jeger, MP. Dr Williams was explaining the clauses of the Medical Abortion Bill drawn up by the Abortion Law Reform Association. It is a Bill which, he said, goes some way further than Mr Justice MacNaghton's statement of the law in *Rex v. Bourne*, and it does so because the Home Office, as distinct from the police in some areas, regards Bourne's case as having settled the law satisfactorily. (There are still too many prosecutions of that kind.) The new Bill would permit medical abortion on the opinion of two doctors that there would be 'grave risk of serious injury' to the woman's physical or mental health if she were to give birth to and care for the child, or that the child would be grossly deformed or abnormal, or that the pregnancy was the result of a sexual offence (rape, incest, etc.). One clause protects the Roman Catholic doctor, and any other practitioner with conscientious objections, against accusations of neglect for not acting under the new law. Mrs Jeger would like to see this urgent measure of reform made part of a comprehensive Family Welfare Bill, which would recognise family planning and the condition of the home as an immediate concern of the welfare state.

No Compulsory Arbitration

The government has decided to abolish the system of compulsory arbitration under which either an employer or a trade union can unilaterally refer a dispute to the Industrial Disputes Tribunal, whose award is then legally binding on the parties. The employers have been clamouring for this change for a long time. For the prospects of industrial peace it is less satisfactory. Although compulsory arbitration was introduced as a war-time measure it has become an established part of the machinery for settling disputes, and in abolishing it the government will be destroying not only a system which has worked well, speedily and with justice to both parties, but also a safety valve which has prevented many differences from ending in strikes. What is left is the Industrial Court, to which a reference can only be made with the agreement of both parties, and the awards of which have no legal force. Where there is no agreement to refer the strike weapon is all that is left. But the implications are even more serious for unions which do not lightly contemplate strike action, such as those covering public servants and other black-coated workers. Very many disputes, including major wage awards and the re-grading of individual officers, have been satisfactorily settled by the Tribunal on reference by such unions.

The FLN Raises Its Price

Though secret negotiations between General de Gaulle and the FLN are continuing, there are reports that fresh differences have arisen. These spring from a stiffening in the attitude of the FLN. Although Mr Ferhad Abbas, the

Algerian 'Premier', has repeated his offer of a cease-fire without political pre-conditions, in private his envoys are demanding heavy concessions. They now insist that de Gaulle should, if not formally recognise, at least publicly acknowledge the existence of the Algerian government-in-exile; further, they demand that the elections, should be held under the joint auspices of the two governments, implying the right of FLN observers to be present at the voting stations. It is difficult to see how de Gaulle, even if he wished, could accept either of these demands; and, if he did, how he would be able to enforce the second in the teeth of army and settler opposition. Why has the FLN suddenly raised its price? There would seem to be two reasons. First, the Arab League, after much bickering, has finally voted the government-in-exile an annual subsidy of nearly £12 million, which should solve all its immediate financial difficulties and allow it to carry on the war indefinitely, if need be. Secondly, and more important, the FLN has reason to believe that Bourguiba's breach with Cairo will oblige him to lean over backwards in helping them, in order to avoid inheriting the mantle of Nuri es-Said. The result, the FLN expects, will be an increase in the flow of arms and in the military facilities available on Tunisian territory. Nevertheless, though their hand is undoubtedly stronger than two weeks ago, the FLN leaders would be unwise to press de Gaulle too far; the balance of power among his advisers is still precarious, and his victory over the Algiers extremists last week has to be consolidated.

Africans Unite

The British press has barely noticed the Pan-African Conference held last month at Mwanza in Tanganyika. Yet this conference may be a landmark for Africans in East and Central Africa. The conference, attended by delegates from Tanganyika, Nyasaland, Zanzibar, Kenya and Uganda, established a joint organisation pledged to the achievement of freedom and democratic self-government throughout East and Central Africa. It will be some time before such a movement can make any direct political impression in this wide area; yet it is significant that for the first time African organisations from the territories of both East and Central Africa have made common cause and are associated in a single organisation. It may be that fears of a European East African federation, which suddenly sprang to life just before the exile of the Kabaka in 1953, will gradually disappear as the Africans see the new horizon of an African federation. Meanwhile, the opposition to white-dominated Central African Federation is finding a new, constructive outlet in associating Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia with East Africa instead of with Southern Rhodesia. It is certainly encouraging to note that the Freedom Charter adopted by the conference pledges the movement to fight not only against white racialism, but also against black chauvinism, and that in the resolutions passed full citizen rights are guaranteed to all immigrants who are prepared to accept parliamentary democracy.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Madrid

Don Juan Speaks Out

A Correspondent in Madrid writes: An important political manifestation took place recently at Lourdes in the south of France. Don Juan, variously known as the Conde de Barcelona, Pretender to the Spanish crown, and 'the Monarch', made a special journey from his home near Estoril, in Portugal, to receive the homage and promise of support of the Requeté, or Carlist organisation, which is headed by Sr Melgar, among others. The pretext for the demonstration was a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Virgen de la Merced, which enabled many thousands of Spaniards to cross the frontier into France without difficulty. The demonstration was sponsored originally by some 7,000 people, but the attendance was estimated by the organisers at 20,000. Bus-loads of sympathisers proceeded from all the Spanish provinces, and it is fairly certain that large numbers of peasants and mountaineers from the border provinces made their way across the Pyrenees without authorisation.

It is quite clear that the Spanish government seriously underestimated the potential significance of the manifestation. Nevertheless, Don Juan received three preliminary warnings that it would be unadvisable to attend. Ignoring these warnings, he set out for France on the pretext of a visit to relatives in Paris and Switzerland, and has not returned to Portugal since, remaining for the present in Paris. On 5 October, a pavilion was set up in a field not far from the famous grotto of Bernadette, and after a procession, lasting two hours, and a meal in his honour, Don Juan addressed the crowd. Behind him a slogan read: '*Los Carlistas reconocen a Don Juan y Don Juan a los Carlistas*' (The Carlists recognise D. J., and D. J. recognises the Carlists). The emblem for the occasion was a red beret. Don Juan himself wore one and referred in his speech to 'this sea of berets'.

His speech was evidently intended to win the support of the Carlists. He began with a reminder of the past glories of the Spanish Catholic monarchy. He recognised that a future monarchy should not attempt to reimpose the traditions established by his father and grandfather. He made use of a phrase from Franco's last address to the Spanish Cortes: 'popular, social, Catholic', clearly implying that these words were meaningless at present, when applied to the Franco régime, but would serve as an adequate description of a future monarchist constitution. Apart from this oblique reference, the Pretender made no mention of the Spanish chief of state or his régime.

The demonstration was well received by the French authorities. Indeed, they seem to have facilitated it in every way. Reciprocally the Carlists sent many telegrams of congratulation to General de Gaulle on his accession to power. Among these was one from General Tella. Some went on to remind de Gaulle that he had once been the leader of a movement to combat tyranny and dictatorship. During the demonstration, pamphlets were distributed entitled 'Legitimacy' and 'Testament of the Dictator', this last being outspokenly critical of the Franco régime, and includes a direct demand that Franco should resign.

All news of this manifestation has been vigorously suppressed to date in the Spanish newspapers and on the radio. Some brief mentions of the episode have appeared in *Le Figaro*, *Le Monde* and *France-Soir*, which are obtainable here, but it is unlikely that *Paris Match*, with its projected double-page photograph of the meeting, will be allowed to enter the country this week. It is generally agreed in informed circles that Don Juan has taken the first step towards an open breach with Franco. Official reaction is that Don Juan has lost his chance of being named Franco's official successor. Franco's son-in-law, the Marquis de Villaverde, and the prince Don Carlos are now the favourites for this title.

It would appear that Don Juan feels himself sufficiently assured of popular support to dispense with Franco's nomination if necessary. However, as a realist, he is more interested in the fact of succession than in the means of securing it. The opposition to the régime is divided between those who favour the monarchy as a permanent alternative to Franco, and those who would reluctantly accept the monarchy as a stop-gap as a means of getting rid of Franco and smoothing the transition period. A third group of die-hards rejects the monarchy altogether, but their number is constantly diminishing. The surprising magnitude of the demonstration is attributed to the fact that many liberal opponents of the régime took advantage of the occasion to express themselves.

Moscow

"The Yershov Brothers"

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Sooner or later it was bound to come: a long, polemical, savage, sarcastic attack in fictional form on the concept of the 'thaw,' a blistering denunciation of all who interpreted the 20th Congress as an invitation to revise established doctrine in the political and cultural fields, a passionate appeal to the working class to regard with the utmost suspicion a section of the intelligentsia.

Vsevolod Kochetov's *The Yershov Brothers* is the literary sensation of the season. Copies of the Leningrad magazine in which it first appeared are practically unobtainable, and the 500,000 paper-back edition was sold out in a day. The discussion on the book organised by the Writers' Union last month lasted five hours and was almost as lively as the one on Dudintsev's *Not By Bread Alone* two years ago.

The Yershov Brothers bears a superficial similarity to Dudintsev's novel. Here too the story turns around an invention connected with the industrial process in a large factory, and here too there is much jiggery-pokery about the authorship of the invention. But there is a vital difference which reveals the whole character of Kochetov's work. In his novel the principal villains and their many accomplices and associates are all people who, each in his separate field, use the 'new atmosphere' of the year 1956 as a means of advancing their personal ambitions. Revisionism, in short, is presented as opportunism. In condemning these characters for their selfish, unprincipled, sometimes criminal, behaviour the author seeks to discredit a good many attitudes which two or three years ago were accepted tolerantly. The novel is for this reason a highly revealing document on the times, the more so because, while written with all the passion and punch of Dudintsev, the canvas is much broader and includes many valuable insights into working-class life.

In Kochetov's novel the unsuccessful inventor, who in his private life has something in common with the idiosyncratic lone-wolf Lopatkin of Dudintsev, is a pitiful tool in the hands of an ambitious time-server who takes every advantage of what one of the working-class heroes describes in retrospect as 'difficult days' for the party. To

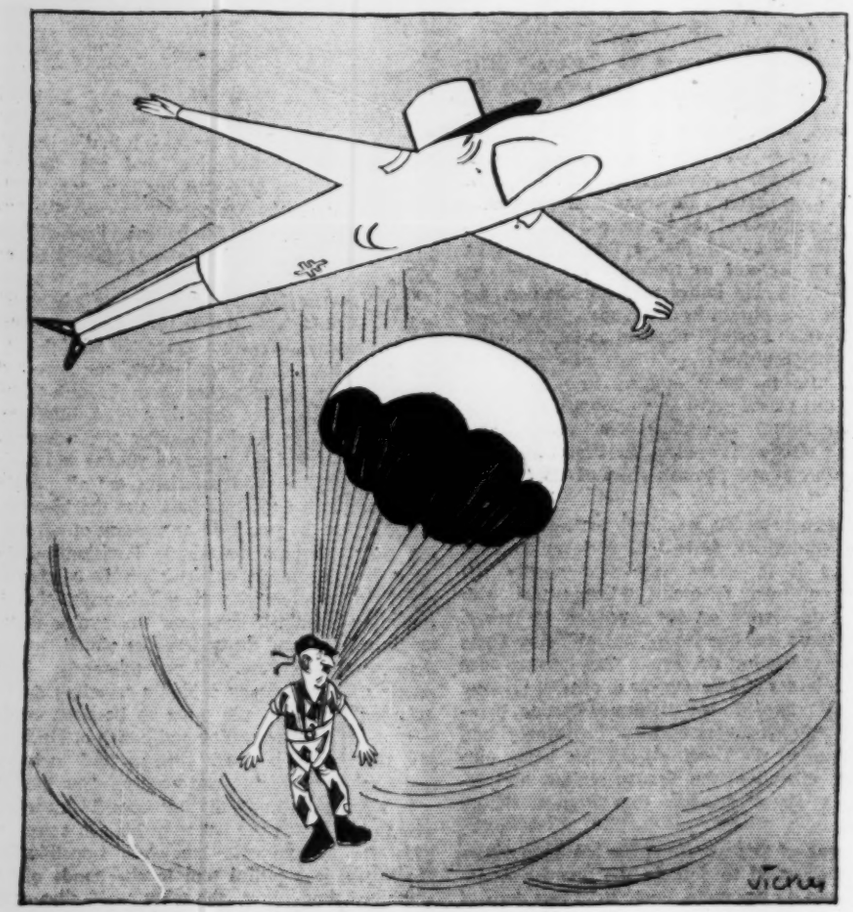
force a parallel with *Not By Bread Alone*, Kochetov's villain Orleantsev is a Drozdov (Dudintsev's factory manager) who has readapted himself to the post-20th-Congress situation, as he estimates it to be; and it is only his tardy expulsion from the party which prevents him getting a cushy job in one of the new regional economic councils. But in *The Yershov Brothers* it is not the persevering struggle of an individual that is crowned with success. Right is on the side of the 'iron', strong-willed factory workers who remain stable and unshaken in their loyalty to established values, including those of Socialist realism in the arts.

The author's message is a call for uncompromising struggle against all 'unhealthy' manifestations of the thaw, whether they take the form of demands for a radical reform of the entire state and party apparatus, or the cult of the rehabilitated political prisoner, or theories of absolute freedom for the creative artist, or simply advocating a study of impressionist painting.

There is a typical passage in the novel where a shady character, a former collaborator, argues with the workers that too much trouble was taken in the past to claim Russian priority in various inventions. 'You'll be telling us next that it was the British and the Americans who beat Hitler, not us,' the workers reply; and when he suggests that victory was a joint effort he is shouted down.

A key part in the novel is taken by a local party secretary who fails in his duties by losing touch with the people (he rides in a large car and keeps a policeman outside his front door) and by being over-tolerant to the 'revisionists'. Again it is a representative of the factory workers who warns him that in Soviet society there are individuals capable of playing the same role as those Hungarians who aided 'foreign interventionists' to hang Communists in the streets of Budapest. 'It is better to exaggerate danger than to underestimate it.'

Although this novel has been praised in both *Kommunist* and *Pravda* and less reservedly in some other papers the opinion is being widely expressed that the author has been too sweeping in his attacks on the Moscow literary intelligentsia. A harsh anti-intellectual note has been detected in it and at the writers' discussion several speakers criticised Kochetov for setting up a false antagonism between workers and intellectuals. Certainly, by giving only the thinnest disguise to certain leading writers who were prominent during the period of the 'thaw', the author has laid himself open to the charge that he has overgeneralised the literary quarrels of recent times and created the impression that serious divisions exist in Soviet society. The last word has not yet been spoken on this highly controversial and topical novel.



Dropping the Pilot

Fleet Street

Mac, the Ineffable

That newspapers adhering to a particular political party should see qualities in its policies and leaders not always discernible to others is natural. But the nature of the current build-up of Mr Macmillan in the Tory press – or rather in some sections of it – seems to me to indicate tendencies which are journalistically as well as politically noteworthy. Although there have, of course, been occasional deviations in the past – notably in some of the adjectives hung about Mr Neville Chamberlain's neck at the time of Munich or Mr Ramsay MacDonald's when he 'saved the country' in 1931 – in the main the tradition of political writing in Britain has been comparatively cool and sophisticated: party leaders, even Prime Ministers, have been treated as falling within the ordinary framework of humanity to be judged on the basis of their actions and records as other mortals are. The starry-eyed department has been kept to the gossip columns, the extravagant adjectives and the eulogies devoid of the contamination of criticism or common sense held in reserve for the socialites and the film stars. This tradition now seems to have been ditched.

For Mr Macmillan all the organ stops are being pulled out in a way for which I can find no complete comparison in a long experience of journalism. And to a degree that is both discomforting and contrary to the British political habit, the government is at the same time being presented as a personal one in which all merit flows ultimately from one man – the Prime Minister – in whose light alone, with the assurance, to quote Mr Henry Fairlie in the *Daily Mail*, that 'they have his support and his loyalty' – they become thrice the men they were. 'Almost every member', to quote Mr Fairlie again, 'could appear small' but for the ineffable influence of Mr Macmillan. Even Mr Butler, we are told, has 'emerged' as a successful departmental minister largely because of the effect of Mr Macmillan's personality upon him. Mr Fairlie, of course, was an early idolator. So was Mr Randolph Churchill, who last week informed the readers of the *Evening Standard* that the 'full personality and well-rounded character of Mr Macmillan' is to be revealed by Tory strategists 'in gradual stages'. The *Te Deums* of these two, if isolated, would not be significant. But they are far from being alone.

The *Sunday Express*, for instance, has been serialising, at great length and with the kind of display that it normally reserves for royal romances or deeds of war-time heroism, the story of 'This Man Macmillan'. Described as 'Today's Most Astonishing Success Story' and sub-titled rather oddly 'Crofter's Cottage To Downing Street', this has given Mr Macmillan the journalistic treatment on a truly lavish scale. 'Twenty years ago Mr Harold Macmillan was an elegant stranger to the people of Britain and, despite his immense success as Prime Minister, he is still something of a mystery. Today the *Sunday Express* begins an investigation into that mystery. The picture that emerges is that of an astonishing man . . . from an astonishing family'. Astonishing indeed. His story, we are told, 'is a romance of our age. Rags to riches, log cabin to White House . . . it is all of these'. There is Mr Macmillan receiving the call to the Palace: 'There was no sign in his face or in his step as he walked to his drawing room that he had been honoured beyond the dreams of millions of men. With elegance he dressed in the formal trappings in which a man goes to meet a monarch. When the tail coat fitted to his liking he sought out his wife. "Please can we have lunch at one o'clock?" he asked. "Why?" He gave a small smile. "I have to go to the Palace".' There is Mr Macmillan the man of sympathy: 'Softly and sadly Harold Macmillan tried vainly to comfort a weeping Anthony Eden who, grey with sickness, had had to surrender the premiership'. There is Macmillan the man of action, calm in danger, intrepid in action; Macmillan the thinker and Macmillan the family man: 'He is upset if he goes home to find no one there to welcome him'; Macmillan

the man of culture: 'he cries rather easily when he is moved'; Macmillan the friend 'human and understandable'. But above all Macmillan the man who 'has possessed all his life one indefinable obvious quality' – Macmillan the Prime Minister.

While the *Sunday Express* has been concerning itself to make Mr Macmillan into what the Americans used to call a suburban dreamboat, the *Sunday Times*, carrying heavier metal, has been active in building him up as a man of power. Pointing out that 'the power of a British Prime Minister derives from the man not the office', it remarked last week that most Prime Ministers have some of the assets listed as necessary, but 'Mr Harold Macmillan has them all'. 'Unpretentious', but with 'a sense of fire and ridicule reminiscent of Lloyd George' . . . 'as with Churchill his sense of history gives a third dimension to the wider horizons he has to scan'. All in all indeed, if the *Sunday Times* is right, more like a god than a mere man.

This being so, it is understandable that there should, as the *Daily Telegraph* reported, have been some Conservative indignation when at the close of the Conservative Party conference, Lord Hailsham 'stole, as he tended to do last year, some of the Prime Minister's thunder in the afternoon'. Indeed, if the *Telegraph* is to be believed, the Man of Power himself took a dim view of his subordinate's 'histrionic gifts'. 'He did not,' the *Telegraph* reported with a solemn commendatory nod, 'bestow on Lord Hailsham one of the tributes he bestowed on all the other senior ministers.' He thus possibly revealed another aspect of that 'well-rounded character' on which Mr Churchill reported, and the plan to reveal which by stages is, again according to Mr Churchill in the *Evening Standard*, 'certainly endorsed if not initiated by Mr Macmillan himself'. One way and another political journalism looks like becoming a very subtle business during the next few months. But perhaps it will not be quite subtle enough.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Fog at London Airport

THE strike at London Airport, happily, is over, but it has seriously damaged BOAC. The money lost will add to the Corporation's heavy deficit, and, in terms of prestige, the grounding of the Comets whittled away the lead it gained by winning the race to put jet planes into regular service on the Atlantic. No wonder that the press and the public are inclined to judge the strikers harshly, and that the shop stewards responsible for calling the men out have been denounced as trouble-makers who maliciously sabotaged BOAC at a critical moment.

It is never easy to allocate responsibility for a strike: in this case it would be foolish to judge the dispute solely on the incident that provoked it. The engineers say that they struck when five men were dismissed for refusing to work overtime; and they support this claim with circumstantial evidence. BOAC, on the other hand, standing on the precise meaning of the word 'dismissed', has insisted that the formalities of discharge were not completed. It does not greatly matter which version is correct, whether the men or management threw the match into the powder-barrel. We may never know for sure. What does matter – and this must be the main concern of Professor Jack and his colleagues – is why the situation at London Airport became so explosive that this incident sparked off a serious and most damaging strike.

What has gone wrong? The immediate background to the dispute is a wage claim. Last year, the ground engineers settled their claim ahead of the wider agreement in the engineering industry, and they received one halfpenny an hour less than the general award. This year, their claim was dealt with after the engineering employers as a whole had settled with the unions, and they therefore asked for the same increase, plus a halfpenny an hour – which would have made up the ground lost last year. Because the employers delayed a decision for months, an overtime ban was imposed. Then the unions met the employers to seek a formula. The union representatives insist that a 'gentlemen's agreement' was reached, whereby any wage increase was to date from 21 September, and the overtime ban was called off while the employers 'reconsidered' the original wage-offer. Although BOAC now denies that there was any understanding of this kind, the unions clearly believed there was. Why, otherwise, should they have lifted the ban on overtime? The ban was reimposed only when, as the unions believe, top management repudiated the agreement reached by subordinate officials. That is why the men objected to the demand, on the evening of Monday, 13 October, that they should do overtime – and why they regarded it as a provocation.

So far as the unions are concerned, the failure to observe this informal agreement is one more example of the way in which their relations with BOAC management have gone sour in the last two years. They complain that they have to deal with officials who are inadequately briefed and who are given too little discretion. Time and again, in the course of negotiations, the management representatives have had to go back for fresh instructions. The unions are unable to deal directly with the men at the top, as they did when Sir Miles Thomas was chairman of BOAC. Sir Miles set up and regularly attended a monthly labour-management meeting at BOAC, at which the union side was kept informed about the Corporation's problems and the management's intentions. His successor, Sir Gerard d'Erlanger, said at the outset that it was not his intention to attend these meetings, and he has seldom appeared at one of them.

Since Sir Gerard was appointed, moreover, BOAC has decreasingly taken the unions into its confidence. Last year, four months passed before the unions could get any statement from the management about the reorganisation of the African services – though the concessions that the Minister was proposing to make to the independent air companies were bound to have an adverse effect on BOAC. More recently, the unions learned that BOAC was interested in the maintenance and inspection methods of some of its rivals who had cut down the number of men employed on the ground. They asked BOAC about this and were told that a committee was being set up to study possible changes. The unions then asked if they could nominate one member of this committee, so that they might be kept in the picture. The request was turned down.

It was the appointment of this committee that led to the present fear of the ground engineers at London Airport that many of them might soon be declared redundant. No official figure has been given, but the rumour went round that as many as half the 4,600 ground engineers might have to go. To an existing pay dispute, the management had added anxiety about future unemployment for some and about the working arrangements of all. There may be over-staffing at London Airport. There may be good grounds for revising maintenance methods. But neither the unions nor the anxious men have any idea whether BOAC intends to carry out the proposals made by the committee.

This, the men say, reveals the way in which their relations with the management have deteriorated since Sir Gerard d'Erlanger took over as chairman. There is a good deal of gossip at London Airport about intrigues among the top officials at BOAC, and about alleged disagreements between Lord Douglas at BEA and Sir Gerard at BOAC. But there seem to be three fixed points of criticism. First, Sir Gerard had a poor record as chairman of BEA: when he resigned, it was already clear that the Labour government would not reappoint him. He then devoted himself to his large financial interests, which are in part connected with private aviation and with aircraft components. He returned to an official position when he became vice-chairman of the committee which advises the Minister of Civil Aviation whether or not to grant licences for private charter and scheduled flights which compete with BEA and BOAC services. However unfairly, the men believe that a man with previous associations of this kind is unlikely to resist when the government permits private companies to make further inroads into BOAC's preserves. Finally, they do not believe that Sir Gerard and Sir George Cribbett – the sidetracked civil servant who is his full-time deputy manager – make a successful partnership at the top of the corporation. Where confidence is lacking, and when competitors take work away, there is bound to be trouble.

This is an unhappy story. The formal arrangements for labour-management consultation at London Airport are, in principle, as good as they could be, and they have worked well in the past. The difficulties that have arisen in the last two years are not due to inadequate machinery: the fault lies in the failure to use this machinery properly and with goodwill. (Mr Matthews, incidentally, has helped confuse the issue by conducting a personal war with the shop-stewards, though this is a sideshow by comparison with the general worsening of industrial relations at the airport.) Something has gone wrong at the top in BOAC, in a period when the complications created by the government's civil aviation policy demanded more skilful management than ever if the corporation was to avoid serious trouble. It is impossible for the outsider to diagnose the complaint with precision. But it is perfectly clear that this strike is the symptom of deep dissatisfaction and tension within BOAC, and that much more is at stake than whether there are too many ground engineers, or whether they shall get an extra halfpenny an hour, or whether the Comets start a daily service on 14 November. The Jack committee may well inquire what happened on the evening of 13 October, but it will not be able to give a proper answer unless it also asks searching questions about the conduct of BOAC in recent years, and not least about the role of a public corporation which is driven into financial difficulties by government policy – first because it has always had to consider 'national interest' when it buys its aircraft, and secondly because it is now being forced to let private operators take away part of its business. This – though Mr Matthews does not mention it when he writes for the *Daily Mail* – is much more important than the fact that the chief shop-steward, Mr Maitland, has a red front door.

The Failed BAs

'ABOUT one out of every 12 students,' reported *The Times* last week, 'who came up to Oxford last year appears to have been sent down or rusticated because of failure to pass preliminary examinations by the end of the first year.' This statement reveals only a part of the wastage rate among students, since we are not told how many fail in their second, third and fourth years. Let us, however, make an estimate based on information provided by those universities which publish from time to time analyses of their examination results. One of the most valuable of these reports was made by Liverpool. (*How They Fared, 1956.*) At this university, during the three years under review, 4.6 per cent. of the students abandoned the course at the end of the first year; 2.5 per cent. in the second year and six per cent. in subsequent years, making 13.1 per cent. in all.

If at Oxford, as at Liverpool, the number of students lost during the second and subsequent years is about twice the number lost during the first year, the total wastage is 24 per cent. It is possible, of course, that Oxford's pruning in the first year is more severe than that of Liverpool, and that, in consequence, the failure rate in subsequent years is less – but in the absence of official figures, we do not know.

It must not be thought that Oxford and Liverpool results are exceptionally poor. Indeed, Liverpool's results seem to be decidedly better than that of some universities. At Nottingham, for example, according to a report published in 1954, student wastage over the four preceding years averaged 18 per cent. At the London School of Economics, 21 per cent. of the students who started to read for a BSc degree in 1949 failed in an early or final examination, while 11 per cent. transferred to other courses or withdrew for personal reasons. (See report of the 1952 Conference of Home Universities.) Sex differences in the wastage rate do not appear to be great, though, where figures are known, women usually prove to be rather better stayers than men. At Liverpool, for example, 73 per cent. of the women 'made satisfactory and undelayed progress' compared with 70 per cent. of the men. The wastage rate among privately financed students at Liverpool was 18.2 per cent. Among those with university scholarships it was 8.1 per cent. Among the 87 students with state scholarships it was nil. But state scholars are not immune from failure, in spite of the admirable result at Liverpool. We read in the Ministry of Education's last annual report that of the 1,905 state scholars scheduled to take their final exams in 1956-57, 5.1 per cent. failed in their final exams or had their course or award prematurely terminated: 10.4 per cent. obtained only third or fourth class honours degrees and 10.5 per cent. pass degrees. These figures suggest that about one quarter of the scholarship holders failed to live up to early academic promise.

If on an average 1,200 students (the figure may be significantly larger than this) are sent down or leave the universities each year without completing the course, the financial loss to the nation must be considerable, since many of them hold county awards. More serious still is the nation's loss of teachers, engineers, scientists, doctors, etc., who should have been produced in the place of the failed BAs. But most serious of all is the human wastage. It does not follow, of course, that a student who fails in his examinations gains nothing from his stay at a university. Nevertheless, to be told by a tutor that he is wasting his time and the ratepayers' money by studying for a degree is a shattering experience for any young student and a poor preparation for the pursuit of another occupation. It is almost certain that the student's estimate of what he has learned will be coloured by his awareness of his own inadequacy.

What are the causes of the high failure rate? Faulty selection is no doubt one factor; but it is easy to attribute to unsuccessful students deficiencies which may more truly belong to the university curriculum and staff. In the modern world, the status of a student is often ambiguous both in the university and at home. In the vacations, he has to accept the difficult role of a dependent or get a paid job which may well interfere with his studies. In term time, he is too often left to sink or swim among his contemporaries, with little help from the university staff beyond that given in the lecture hall and in a seminar group – which, in the large faculties, may contain ten or more students. In some university departments, there is no private tuition. Essays may be returned during the seminar period; and if a student, acting on the public injunction to 'come and see me if you are in any difficulty', overcomes his diffidence and sets out in search of his tutor, he may fail to find him, or find him too busy or too unaware of the nature of his problems to be of much help.

University lecturers are not usually to blame for this state of affairs. It is true that a few of them regard students as obstacles to creative work or to advancement in public life; but to offset these, there are those whose names are honoured long after their retirement, who share readily with their students their wisdom and their free time in their own homes. The great majority of lecturers, however, find that their departmental duties together with the minimum of original work expected of university teachers, do not permit of extra tuition or personal contacts with students outside the programme.

Some ask why students, who are specially selected by examination, interview and personal records, should require more help than is now given to them. The answer is a simple one. Young people who leave school for offices and factories have well defined jobs, fixed hours of work, wages which allow ample pocket money and, almost always while they are at work, they are under the close supervision of a senior. University students usually have more intelligence and more book learning than their opposite numbers in offices and factories. In other respects they are much the same. They have no more sense; no more stability; indeed such evidence as we have, suggests that they have less – though that may well be because we expect too much of them. It is not suggested for one moment that university life should become more like a girls' boarding school. But it is suggested that universities (and the Treasury) might ask themselves if it would not be an economy to increase the staffing ratio for the sole purpose of providing the students with more welfare and tuition facilities than are available for them today.

MARY STEWART

NEXT WEEK

Mid-Autumn Books

An enlarged issue

The Election of the New Pope

PAUL JOHNSON *writes from Rome*

London Diary

FREUD'S theory that the significant misprint with its hyper-condensation, often provides the best commentary on history was neatly supported in the case of the German visit. One of the agencies put out on its tape, as a first version, the report that the band of the RAF at the airport greeted President Heuss with the strains of 'Deutschland, Deutschland uber *Allies*.' As a summary of the general popular reaction of mild bewilderment this was one up to the Unconscious.

* * *

A. L. Rowse must have been in very ripe form at the PEN Club conference. He denounced the entire radical intelligentsia, Bertrand Russell, nuclear abolitionists, NEW STATESMAN and all, with blimpish zeal. His evolution into his present position far to the right of the Establishment involves one of those metamorphoses so striking that a younger generation can hardly be expected to believe in it. I remember two encounters with him in the Thirties. The first was dining in All Souls. We were not introduced because my host regarded him as a dangerously subversive influence, but I much admired his militant mien as he challenged a tendentious statement by Quintin Hogg – now Lord Hailsham. I flashed him a glance of solidarity. The next time was in a Bloomsbury tea-shop. I had been to lunch with Rudolf Messel, whose star guest was W. J. Brown, then at the height of his fame as an agitator, an exciting firebrand guaranteed to give you a whiff of imminent barricades. Inspired by the prevailing revolutionary mood and an unemployed demonstration in the street, I went over to Rowse and addressed him as comrade. He was agreeably fraternal and treated me to a homily on the need for fiery measures. For long afterwards I regarded him as the apex of the academic, intellectual and political *avant-garde*. I wish I could have seen Jacquetta Hawkes laying about him with an intellectual hockey stick, as *The Times* put it. I wonder if his objection to nuclear disarmament could be due to obscure atavistic promptings from his Cornish background, a case of what the sociologists call the orgiastic chiliasm of the anabaptists.

* * *

There seems to have been a tiny wave of reaction passing through the north-western suburbs. Hard on the news that the Hendon Borough Council had refused to allow the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament to meet in the Town Hall – giving as their reason the almost certain risk of disorder: not so certain, surely, or so violent as at a Conservative Party meeting – came the banning by the Headmaster of Haberdasher's Aske's School of the magazine *Perspective*. This is an enterprising publication edited by the school librarian, Laurence Orbach, aged 16, son of the MP for Willesden East. 'At a time when national and international crises occur rather more frequently than every week,' says its editorial, 'political awareness is manifest in young people.' It is encouraging to find this reaction among adolescents. So many adults have got used to living in our chronic apocalypse that they have become like punch-drunk boxers who can take blow after blow to the jaw without any apparent ill-effects until they go suddenly blind and mad. *Perspective* contains articles on nuclear disarmament, educational reform, and one in particular by a young Cypriot on the Cyprus situation that touched off the row. I gather that the banning is fairly mild and applies only to sales inside the school grounds and editing in the school's time.

I wonder how Field-Marshal Montgomery would react to an outbreak of *Perspective* in one of his boys' clubs? The only time I met him I found him – to use one of his own expressions – not quite sewn up on the subject of youth and its politics. I formed incidentally a much pleasanter personal impression of him than the one conveyed by Malcolm Muggeridge in this column. I would describe him as frosty rather than cold. Some years ago when the current crop of juvenile delinquents were being labelled in the press as cosh-boys, I had written an article that contained interviews with some live specimens, hand-picked for me by an underworld acquaintance. Monty wanted information. Did I think there was much Communism among the j.d.'s? Patiently I explained that such organised Communism as there was among British youth would be a religious not a criminal manifestation. Members of the YCL would be plotting not how to swing the chain, put in the boot, or use the nut on defenceless old ladies, but how to 'leafletise the district' and 'concretise the situation'. I do not think he quite twigged. The conversation turned to punishments. He showed no ugly repressive Tory symptoms.

* * *

In the department of *Plus Ca Change*, a nice specimen is provided by the October issue of *World Marxist Review*, the new neo-Comintern monthly published in Prague. With the struggle against revisionism in full swing there is nothing in this issue to suggest any loosening up in official political thought since the reign of our late lamented leader, teacher, and friend. The style is the same prefabricated cast-iron jargon. It even looks as if there was one of those translation howlers that were ever a cheerful feature of international Communist publications. In an article on the need for Communist-Socialist co-operation, Luciano Gruppi quotes that favourite prophetic passage from *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Napoleon* in which Marx contrasts the difference between bourgeois revolutions, in which 'ecstasy is the everyday moment of the hour and men and things seem set in sparkling brilliants', with proletarian revolutions, 'which criticise themselves constantly, interrupt themselves continually . . . until conditions themselves cry out: *Hic Rhodus, hic salta!*' At this point a thoughtful editorial hand has inserted for the benefit of comrades who have no Latin: 'Here is the rose, here dance!' The possible justification for this eccentric rendering is that it was a joke of Hegel's.

* * *

You hear two kinds of light conversation about the Papal election. One, entirely frivolous, is along the lines of the fantastic long-shot possibility. Supposing the College of Cardinals became deadlocked, as they have done in the past, and could only extricate themselves, as in Corvo's *Hadrian VII*, by some altogether eccentric choice. What sort of Pope would A make or B, or Evelyn Waugh, or Brendan Behan or Gilbert Harding? Could Cyril Connolly's or Tom Driberg's conversion be rushed through in time? The other revolves round the prophecies of St Malachy, the 11th-century Bishop of Armagh. These are well known to Roman Catholics though, as the *Tablet* points out, they are not taken too seriously. They are, in fact, late 16th-century forgeries, though this does not lessen their prophetic prestige. They consist of cryptic Latin labels attached to future Popes in numerical order. Several fit most aptly such as *Aquila Rapax* for Pius VII, Napoleon's captive; and *Pastor Angelicus* for the late Pope. The next Pope is to be *Pastor et Nauta*. Cardinals to whom this might apply include: Cardinal Lercano, son of a sailor; Cardinal Gilroy, served in the navy; Cardinal Agagianian, with an anchor in his coat of arms; Cardinal Spellman, who would have to cross the sea. After the next Pope there will only be five more, among them *De Mediatate Luna* and *De Labore Solis* who suggest space-travel and solar energy. In the reign of the fifth, *Pastor Secundus*, comes the end of the world. For further details I refer you to James Laver's book on Nostradamus who, so I read, has alarmed Aldous Huxley with his prophecy of Chinese planes over Paris. Perhaps the most striking of Nostradamus's detailed verified scores was his foretelling of the flight of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette to Varennes. His date for the end of the world is 1999 – July. A prophecy that I picked up in Dublin, about which I should like to know more, was a promise attributed to St Patrick that the Holy Island would be spared fire from heaven. I am surprised that the Irish Tourist Association does not make use of this.

* * *

In current affairs the best method of prediction is a variation of the eccentric Polish Count' system at roulette. He used to claim that it was infallibly wrong so that if you backed against it you won every time. All you need to do is choose your Polish Count from among the publicists and wait for him to predict. Randolph Churchill should be a hot favourite here. He has only to praise Dulles in one edition for the Chinese to reopen fire in the next. I wish he would stop predicting peace.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Paradox

Mr. Butler has refused to commit himself on the subject of compensation for the victims of criminal attack. 'It is a subject that needs airing', he stated recently.

As Hailsham said (that seems to ring a bell)
Blackpool was really like a Quaker Meeting:
Reason (for hanging) – tolerance as well
(For the cat o'nine tails); and their way of treating
With understanding love the interrupter
Was equally persuasive, though abrupter.

Those Tory women – practical, humane –
Would never sentimentalise the sinner:
Cat, birch and rope or the domestic cane
Might yet deter (they said) in the beginner
Criminal tendencies; and if you licked him
You'd show real tenderness towards his victim.

But only a minority – the cranks –
Would give the victim any compensation.
For this no voice was raised among the ranks
Of those who claimed to represent the nation.
'Think of the victims', they would bleat or holler;
But not of compensation – not a dollar.

How could the cautious and ambivalent Rab,
The whipping-boy of all those Tory Aunties,
Discern in all that plethora of gab
(The girlish gush of female *flagellantes*
Aflame with zeal for righteous retribution)
The slightest hint of simple restitution?

Alas, poor Rab! Small wonder you are deaf!
The victim's cry is drowned by his defender;
Loud, *sostenuto*, in the treble clef,
She shrieks for blood because her heart is tender;
Tender for whom? Her *protegé*, despairing,
Finds that his cause is still in need of airing.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I am of royal blood, being a direct descendant of the Kings of Munster. Unfortunately, I married beneath my station – my husband has an ironmongery business, and we live in Wimbledon. Most of our neighbours are vulgar people, and I long for more fastidious friends and surroundings. I have a natural sense of dignity. How can I get back where I belong?—Letter in the *Sunday Dispatch*. (Hazel Jones.)

My husband always sleeps with his tie on, knotted ready to slip under a clean shirt collar.

He argues that the wear and tear by pulling and tugging to get his tie in place always wears it out long before its time.

So once tied, it's very seldom undone. Fortunately he's a clerical worker and doesn't get very dirty.—Letter in the *People*. (B. Davies.)

A magistrate on the Richmond bench, Councillor G. Cassidy, said homosexuality was a serious subject. At the moment no one was justified in writing a novel about it. It should be dealt with seriously.—*Thames Valley Times*. (Audrey Poulter.)

The wounds from the cat leave scars which would give them something to remember all their lives. They would not care to strip for a swim or physical drill. Also, on marriage, they could not conceal their past.

If the cat were brought back it would make it safer walking along our highways.—Letter in *Manchester Evening News*. (H. Miller.)

Breach of the Peace

IN December 1945 the House of Commons roared its disapproval of a member's suggestion that all political meetings should be notified in advance to the police. The member was disturbed, as were many people, about the unexpected re-emergence of British Fascism. To judge by what had happened at Mosley meetings before the war, the Union Movement would have established then in British politics the strong arm methods which the Tories have used at Blackpool recently. The House, therefore, was ready to listen to any reasonable proposal for strengthening the hands of the police at public meetings – and, when they were invited in, at private meetings. The Home Secretary said that the law would be examined to see how it could be strengthened. 'But as for Fascism', he said far-sightedly, 'that is difficult to define in any terms which do not include other schools of political thought; and it is no part of the duties of the police to attend private functions for the purpose of maintaining order.'

Litigation on this subject often involves the question whether the meeting is 'public' or 'private'. But, whichever it is, a decision of the High Court in 1935 (*Thomas v. Sawkins*) must be regarded as relevant. This established that 'a police officer has *by virtue of his office* a right to enter and remain on private premises if he has reasonable grounds for believing that a breach of the peace is likely to be committed thereon, his right of entry not being confined to cases where an offence, or breach of the peace, is being or has been committed' Nor, it seems, is it confined to cases where the meeting being disturbed is a 'public' one.

Anyone sufficiently interested can read the instructions given to the London Police in the *Metropolitan Police Guide*, a book of the size and

appearance of a medieval church bible which you can buy at the Stationery Office:

> It is no part of the ordinary duties of the police to preserve order at meetings or to secure an uninterrupted hearing for the speakers. The action of the police is usually limited to obtaining, at the request of the chairman or promoters of the meeting, the names and addresses of persons who are behaving in contravention of the Act [i.e., the Public Meeting Act, 1908], and exercising the power of arrest conferred by the Act. This may be done whether the meeting is held in a public place or on private premises.

These instructions are common form throughout the country. *Thomas v. Sawkins* was a South Wales case, in which some police officers went to a political meeting in the hired hall of a public library and sat in the auditorium obviously prepared to take notes. The public had been invited to attend without charge, and the policemen expected, naively perhaps, to be regarded as 'public'. The chairman asked them to go, and they refused. In due course the High Court held that they might be trespassers but that if so they were protected by their office. Mr Justice Lawrence went even further than his colleagues on the bench. 'If a constable in the execution of his duty in the preservation of the peace is entitled to commit an assault', he said (meaning that he is), 'it appears to me that he is equally entitled to commit a trespass.'

But what is a breach of the peace? In police circles (on the whole wisely) it is considered to be at least a violent disturbance, usually in the street, a rough-and-tumble that is a thorough nuisance to everybody and for which the remedy is immediate arrest, followed by a binding-over at the hands of a magistrate (or six months' prison if the offender refuses to be bound over). The lawyers, and especially the academic ones, go much further than this. Mr J. W. C. Turner, for example, the present editor of *Kenny's Outlines of Criminal Law*, says in his article on arrest (para. 695):

> Strangely enough what constitutes a breach of the peace has not been authoritatively laid down, but as it seems to mean 'a breach of the Queen's peace' it should include every crime.

By crime, in turn, Mr Turner means any human conduct punishable in a court of law. By this reasoning, in which it is hard to find a flaw, it would be a breach of the peace (for which you could lawfully be arrested) to face the wrong way in a bus queue or to let your dog run out with no collar on; and the powers of the police are seen to be almost without limit. Shouldn't they therefore be employed as stewards and chuckers-out at meetings?

Lord Hailsham seems to think so. In his letter to *The Times* on 18 October he said that the Conservative stewards at Blackpool, by 'swiftly removing the interrupters from the audience', seemed to him to have 'taken the right action and probably prevented a far more serious disturbance of the peace from taking place. I myself', he went on, 'prefer the use of professional stewards, such as uniformed attendants or, where available, police, for the purpose of removing interrupters, for these cannot be suspected of party bias.' (They often are.)

But the police of this country have been brought up in a state of wholesome uneasiness about what they can lawfully do in 'private premises'; and although most people know of occasions when this diffidence has been sensationally mastered, for every such instance there are hundreds of perplexed Bobbies who have got into some sort of trouble through their fainthearted-ness on the wrong side of a threshold. All in all, the police think it a sounder policy in relation to meetings to confine their stewardship, and the removal of hecklers, to outdoor meetings where there is the known likelihood of a free fight. This may explain why they were seen to be looking on with apparent passivity at Blackpool while the Empire Loyalists were being given the unofficial Tory treatment.

Their duty under the Public Meeting Act, 1908, they have long been told, is not the ejection of any interrupter (who can be fined £5 or sent to prison for a month if he 'acts in a disorderly manner for the purpose of preventing the transaction of the business for which the meeting was called together'). Their duty is to wait until the chairman asks them to take the names and addresses of the people making a nuisance of themselves. Even then, the policeman must himself 'reasonably suspect' the person indicated to him as being one of the offenders; and only if, with those two obstacles cleared, that person then refuses his name and address (or the policeman doesn't believe the name and address he gives) – only then can there be an arrest under the Public Meeting Act. It ought to be added that, according to *Kenny's Outlines of Criminal Law*, the interrupter can be arrested for breach of the peace, since this 'includes every crime' and the refusal to give the name and address is punishable with a £2 fine.

My own belief is that all this statutory cushioning of the 'right to heckle' at indoor meetings has given the heckler, in police eyes, a status somewhere between that of a tolerated outlaw and a sacred cow. Despite the instructions about 'exercising the power of arrest conferred by the Act', which are none too clear and invoke also the Public Order Act, 1936, they hardly know what to do about him; and when they see the stewards or members of the audience doing something about him they are apt to feel that, just in time, a difficult decision has been taken out of their hands. The interrupter, especially if he is a trespasser *ab initio* (e.g., if he got in without a ticket, or with a ticket irregularly acquired) can lawfully be ejected by the use of force on the part of the stewards – 'no more force than is reasonably necessary for the purpose'; and he is not supposed to struggle, for the policeman is specifically required to see that no harm befalls the people doing the ejecting. The one question which the criminal law has hitherto left to look after itself is that of injury to the person ejected. There have been civil actions enough; and it looks as if there may now be another, involving the League of Empire Loyalists, the Conservative Party Conference Committee, the management of the Winter Gardens Theatre, Blackpool, and some individual stewards and attendants – all of whom, conceivably, might be named in any suit.

But the law books are strangely silent about the man who cares enough for 'free speech' to get frog-marched out of a public hall and flung into the street. The law books, indeed, say surprisingly little about free speech.

C. H. ROLPH

Rhodesia Caught Napping

ON the eve of a recent 'Buy Federal' week a Southern Rhodesian paper reported only nine entries in a Salisbury window-dressing competition, as against 25 last year. So marked is consumer resistance to locally made goods, it comments, that some shopkeepers consider it prudent to remove 'Made in Rhodesia' labels from articles.

This attitude, which is itself a symptom of a deep-seated social and economic malaise in Southern Rhodesia, is one of the fruits of a process and situation exhaustively dealt with by the recent – vitally important – *Report of the Urban African Affairs Commission*, 1958, familiarly known, from the name of the Commission's chairman, as the Plewman Report. This contains a complete historical survey of the growth of industry in Southern Rhodesia and its impact upon the town-dwelling African, examines the present position very critically, and makes a large number of recommendations. It also makes nonsense of many of the hazy assumptions on which the settler way of life has been constituted over the past 40 years.

For reasons of political expediency the Plewman Report was not debated in the Legislative Assembly immediately it was submitted – a little before the June elections that resulted in the total eclipse or Mr Garfield Todd's United Rhodesia Party. Subsequently it has been 'considered' by the new parliament in a form of mock-debate confined almost entirely to a speech by the Prime Minister, Sir Edgar Whitehead, that suggested he had not really read it. Nor apparently has anybody else who has had occasion to write or speak about it. After all, it is very long and involved; it raises awkward, profound and long-range issues and the climate and altitude of Salisbury are not conducive to concentrated mental effort. Moreover, a federal general election is imminent – and Mr Diefenbaker is a popular colonial model.

So far it seems to have been thought safe to lavish praise on the report's historical section, without, of course, commenting on much of its detail. Domiciliary apartheid between Africans and Europeans was first recommended by the Carter Commission of 1952, two years after Southern Rhodesia had become a self-governing colony and at a time when the economy was divided between agriculture and gold mining. It was not officially brought into being, however, till the Land Apportionment Act of 1930 – at the very beginning of a phase of industrial development that was likely to attract thousands of Africans towards the European towns. The stultifying effect of this measure was later mitigated somewhat by the Native Urban Locations Act, under which local authorities could establish African locations near towns where they were working.

By the Land Apportionment Act of 1941, local authorities were given permission to set up Native Urban Areas within their own boundaries. As they did not respond to this invitation, a similarly named Act of 1945 made such action compulsory. This was reinforced in 1946 by the Natives (Urban Areas) Accommodation and Registration Act. At various times in recent years there have been a number of other relevant enactments, most of which have ceased to apply or have been forgotten.

Few would disagree that the net result of this march and counter-march of legislation and regulation is a cats-cradle of confusion and contradiction between the powers, rights and responsibilities of local and central government, the conflicting interest and overlapping functions of different departments, to which should be added all the unconsidered vacuums that have no official filling. Native Revenue Accounts are kept on no prescribed form and generally incorporate extraneous illicit items. Native Beer Accounts, whose profits are hypothecated to Native Welfare, also follow no set pattern and sometimes show large unappropriated sums. In one municipality the

Good news for savers!

MAXIMUM HOLDING of NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Increased from

600 to 1000

Every 15/- Savings Certificate brings you in 5/- profit in only 7 years. So if you have your full quota of Certificates you can make £250 *clear profit.* That's equal to nearly 4¼% interest. And because it's income tax free interest, it's actually worth 7¼% to you if you pay tax at the standard rate. Even more if you pay surtax. Here's the easiest possible way of saving. For all the family. Little by little or all at once *everyone* can acquire a really sizeable nest egg. Buy one or more Certificates every week—starting TODAY!

EASY TO BUY—TO CASH—TO HOLD AND VERY, VERY PROFITABLE

BUY THAT EXTRA 400 TODAY!

Full information from your stockbroker, banker or other professional adviser, and from your local Savings Committee, Savings Centre, Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank.

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE, LONDON, S.W.7

CINZANO BIANCO

The delicious drink from Italy everybody's talking about! . . .

MELLOW and refreshing — smooth and golden, CINZANO BIANCO is a unique white vermouth with its sweetness tempered by a fascinating aromatic tang.

The product of a House established in 1757, that has made quality its first consideration for more than two centuries, CINZANO BIANCO is equally delicious as a straight drink — served well chilled; as a long drink with soda and ice; or as the distinctive ingredient of many incomparable cocktails. Enjoy a new pleasure try CINZANO BIANCO today!

CINZANO BIANCO
Large bottle 16/9d · half-bottle 8/10d.

CINZANO RED
Sweet, dark and richly coloured, CINZANO RED perfectly exemplifies the traditional Vermouth of Italy.
Large bottle 16/9d; half-bottle 8/10d.

CINZANO DRY
FROM FRANCE
Quality and distinction are self-evident in this genuine DRY FRENCH VERMOUTH.
Large bottle 17/6d; half-bottle 9/3d.

CINZANO
BIANCO

Sole Importers for U.K.: GIORDANO LTD., 38-40, Windmill Street, London W.1

employer pays the African tenant's rent; in another, the African pays it out of his wages. Rations are sometimes in cash, sometimes in kind. There are Town Management Boards which administer unclassified Native Urban Areas with no more authority than a letter from the local Officer. The pass system is confused and largely otiose. An army of civil servants is required to make some sort of cosmos from this chaos.

Rhodesia has been caught napping by the trend and pace of industrialisation for, perhaps, three main reasons. First, very young countries are in some respects innately backward-looking and unimaginatively conservative. 'Old Rhodesians', as they are called, of the 1920-1930 vintage, recall nostalgically the pre-federation times when there was no trouble and the African was a decent, honest, amenable agricultural serf. Nobody had much money, but everybody knew everybody else. Secondly, King Copper from the northern latifundia had in effect paid for everything since federation, and tomorrow would be the same. Thirdly, manufacturies, still called 'secondary industry', have always been, by and large, amateurish, unstable and woefully inefficient – hence the internal prejudice against Rhodesian goods – with managements quite incapable of training-up African labour to modern pitch, even should they have the wish and resources to do so.

Behind it all, to quote the Plewman Report, 'European thought and action has tended to regard the African as being essentially a member of a rural society with his urban activities regarded as a deviation from the norm'. Till very recently there has been convincing evidence to support this view, since up to 75 per cent. of African urban labour has normally been migrant, single and non-indigenous, principally from Nyasaland and Portuguese East Africa. The sort of labour that stops here for about two years and then returns to the reserves of its homeland, having scarcely had a chance of acquiring trained skills. But over the last few years the pattern has been changing, and today the proportion of married Africans with families who have a permanent stake in the industrial future of Southern Rhodesia is rising steadily.

Sir Edgar Whitehead has declared the government's intention to further this trend by establishing, under the central authority, more and more married quarters for indigenous Africans who intend to settle in the towns permanently. An admirable and necessary programme, surely, but how are wages to be raised to give the desired new labour force the means to be economically productive and settled workers? Beside the problems of wages, productivity and industrial training, the bull of Kariba seems small indeed.

PETER SMITH

Zuleika Next?

ANY excuse will do for visiting Oxford; and this week I had the added incentive of professional duty. Had not the Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis of the Holy Scripture stood in the pulpit of the University Church and warned that homosexuality was 'afoot' and implied that the famous tutorial system was a means by which senior members of the university could easily corrupt the morals of the undergraduates in their charge? Further, beside Dr Kilpatrick in the headlines, was Mr Reed Rubin of Merton College. Mr Rubin, late of Yale and late of last year's Oxford boat, was leading a revolt against the new President of the Oxford University Boat Club and was backed by all the survivors from last year's crew.

What *was* happening in my old university? Its seams appeared to be bursting; but was this just the decay of corruption (Dr Kilpatrick), or were the seams simply not strong enough to contain the exasperations of a sad past and the new-found enthusiasm for a glorious future (Mr Rubin). I raced up to Oxford. On arrival, I received something of a check, for the first six people I questioned about Dr Kilpatrick's sermon all turned out to be reporters from national dailies and were therefore strangers there themselves. When I did manage to get at some undergraduates, they hadn't heard it either. I should have known anyway that any undergraduate who had actually heard a university sermon would be something of a freak. I did gather that Dr Kilpatrick's congregation consisted mainly of schoolgirls who had been delighted with his subject.

Undergraduates and senior members of the university had been less delighted or interested. I was told that, since my time, the rules governing relations with the *opposite* sex have been so relaxed that the men's colleges tend to be flooded with undergraduettes until 10 p.m.; that the Carfax Assembly Rooms and other dance halls are no longer out of bounds; and that, anyway, in recent years the available talent in Oxford had been increased by something like 2,000 nurses, working or learning at the Radcliffe or the Churchill. One head of a college, with a donnish determination to be fair, did concede that, although Dr Kilpatrick was a professor and not therefore in regular personal communion with undergraduates, he might be so acute that he could observe things which were hidden from colleagues whose business it was to be in daily contact. Other people to whom I spoke, however, inclined, after reflection, to the view that Dr Kilpatrick was a reverend goose. For myself, I can only say that, after a casual glance or two both at the undergraduettes and at the nurses, any perverted old crone, spinning his web in some dusty corner, could offer little competition to smashers like these. So, as vice seemed to be out, I turned to boating.

But here again, I received a check. The meeting of captains of college rowing clubs at which, each year, the president of the University Boat Club is elected, is supposed to be private. But in these days of undergraduate press conferences, this meeting is now about as private as the meetings of the Parliamentary Labour Party. I had no difficulty in finding people who could tell me what had happened. At the meeting there were two candidates for the presidency, Mr Rubin and Mr Ronald Howard. Both, as is customary, announced what their policy on training and style would be, if elected. There was no conflict on policy. Both wanted to relax the intensity of training which had been imposed on the crews of the past two years. Both wanted to have Group Captain Edwards as sole coach – though Mr Rubin, who has large private means, proposed to finance Group Captain Edwards for three weeks in the United States where he could study the training methods of Yale. The decision went in favour of Mr Howard, by a single vote, after the suggestion that, other things being equal, it would be easier to get the necessary financial support from old Blues and others, if the President, for a change, were an Englishman.

Why then, if there really was no conflict on policy, has there been a revolt? Here one enters the realm of speculation. Mr Rubin was the first American for years to row in a losing Boat Race crew. He is on the record as saying that he is not pleased with this distinction. For some time he has been letting it be known that he would like to be President, perhaps because if he were President of a victorious crew he would be 'de-stigmatised'. He is a man of great personal charm. He is older than the average run of undergraduates and has plenty of money which he spends generously and, in the matter of sports cars, spectacularly. With such gifts, it is not surprising that he should win admiration and support from the Blues who rowed in last year's crew with him, especially when his rival had been dropped from it.

But the decision was made by college captains who had less chance of falling under Mr Rubin's spell. Mr Rubin, still smarting under his unsought distinction, took the decision hard, and the old Blues from last year's crew, feeling that they were committed to him, trailed loyally but rather sadly after him – all except the Secretary who, while joining the rebels, appears, oddly, to be retaining his official position as Secretary.

So the second story fell down. There was no vice; and now there was no soul-raising revolt. Just a few young men being swayed by a glamorous older colleague with a chip on his shoulder. However, on the London platform I met a big shot from one of the national dailies, who said he had heard that next week all the undergraduates intend to throw themselves in the river in honour of, he thought, Rubin; but it might have been a brand-new rival called Zuleika. He would have to check. And I still have to investigate.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Calves

IT was a day of storms and rainbows. By now the bracken is broken down into brown heaps and, though there seems to be plenty of grass, it is sodden and tasteless and doesn't do the cattle much good. The Galloway calves were all driven into the cattle shelter, for it was time for the marking; and, besides, two important people were coming: Mr McSporran, the dealer, who wanted one or perhaps more of the bull calves, and my old friend Mr Lewis, the vet, who saw me through all my early difficulties and did all the tuberculosis tests I had to have before my farm became part of a tubercle-free area.

The cows were ranging round the shelter, bellowing, high and harsh, for their calves. Galloways are good mothers and even the early calves were still sucking. All calves must be earmarked with their owner's number or brand. My registered farm number for the Galloway herd book is MNC, and my year number M. For the other cows the farm number is 4649 and the year X. The Ayrshires are easy to mark, with their pale ears, but the Galloways' ears are only a shade less dark than the rest of them. One rubs the inside of the ear with Zebo, avoiding the big vein; then one clamps on the branding pincers, while the calf tosses its head and tries to get away. It takes only a moment.

The calves look rather alike to me, but not to Lachlan. After the marking he leans over the slype where we have them penned, and fondles them. They seem to me to be in very good shape, thick and beefy, with splendid coats, black with bright shades in it, and often a golden dun colour in their ear tufts. These are the offspring of an Ichrachan bull called Kruger, and I have been a bit puzzled as to appropriate names for the heifers. The daughter of Kruger and First

Are you looking ahead?

How many times have you seriously thought about the future and what it holds for you and your family?

What have you done about it?

The man who has not only thought about it, but taken action, can answer confidently. He has provided for the needs of later life. And whatever he tells you about his hopes and fears, the odds are he will mention insurance.

Stop and think now. All may be well at the moment. But isn't it worth the modest cost of a Prudential insurance policy to have a clear and confident view of the future?

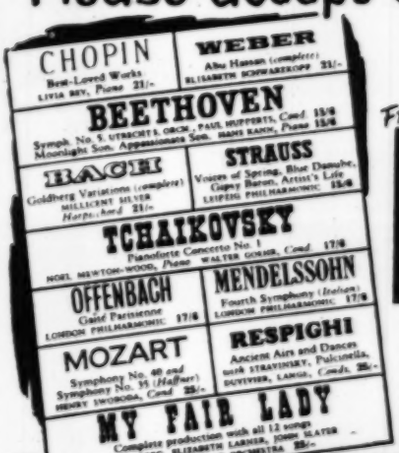
An enquiry commits you to nothing, but it is sure to be worth while.

Ask the man from the

PRUDENTIAL

The address of the local office is in the telephone directory.

Please accept any one, two or three

OF THESE 12 COMPLETE LONG-PLAYING RECORDS AT A MERE FRACTION OF THEIR NORMAL PRICE AND VALUE

From **15/6** INC P.T

550,000 music-lovers in France, 380,000 in West Germany, 600,000 more in Switzerland, Holland, Italy, and Scandinavia, plus over 12 million club members in America would not think this offer stupendous. Elsewhere, music-lovers, like 2 million book-club members in Britain, are accustomed to these fantastic savings.

YOU RISK NOTHING

LESS P.T.

CLASSICS CLUB *direct-to-member distribution and lower prices save members up to 12/- per record on* **PURCHASE TAX ALONE.**

Tens of thousands of CLASSICS CLUB members buy their records every month (but without obligation at any time to buy any record) at a mere fraction of shop prices. And to prove to you absolutely and conclusively how valuable Club non-obligatory membership is, we want you, entirely at OUR risk, to listen to, judge, and criticise (if you can) CLASSICS CLUB records in the comfort of your own home.

"OWN HOME" ON APPROVAL OFFER

To JOHN J. WINSTONE, Dir., CLASSICS CLUB, 55 Great Western Rd., London, W.9

I wish to join CLASSICS CLUB 'on trial' for one month only without cost or obligation whatever. I want (strictly on approval) to listen to the records I have marked in the privacy of my own home, and to judge for myself whether they are the equal in all regards of full-price records sold through normal methods of distribution.

I enclose Cheque/P.O. (payable to CLASSICS CLUB*) value ..... to cover the cost of the records I have marked. If I am not delighted, my money will be refunded unconditionally by return of post.*

NAME .....
(BLOCK LETTERS ONLY)

ADDRESS .....

.....

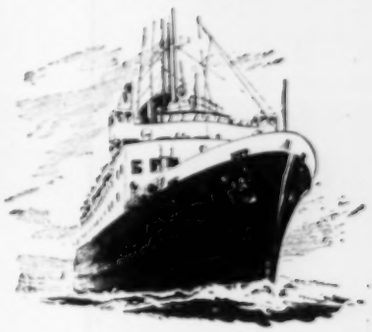
..... 124

CHOPIN	21/-
WEBER	21/-
BEETH'N Sub ...	15/6
BEETH'N Sonatas	15/6
BACH	21/-
STRAUSS	15/6
TCHAIKOVSKY	17/6
OFFENBACH ...	17/6
MENDELSSOHN	17/6
MOZART	25/-
RESPIGHI	25/-
MY FAIR LADY	25/-

Great Conductors, Soloists and Orchestras

All CLASSICS CLUB *performances are guaranteed to be by top orchestras, which include the London Philharmonic, London Mozart Players, Orchestra of the Paris Opera, Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera, the Berlin Philharmonic, etc. Among the famous conductors and virtuosi soloists of international fame are Cebotari, Schwarzkopf, Tiana Lemnitz, Grovez, Livia Rev, Erna Berger, Goossens, Goehr, Kempe, Harry Blech, Leibowitz, Goldsand, Badura-Skoda, and Menton-Wood, etc. All records are guaranteed made of the identical raw materials and pressed to the identical high standards used by all major record labels.*

The leisurely way to FRANCE



via SOUTHAMPTON & LE HAVRE

Relaxation in the midst of business is always pleasant. That's what the night service from Southampton to Havre gives you between business appointments in London one day and a repetition in Paris the next.

Whether you live in London or conveniently near to Southampton, there is no happier start than a crossing on a modern cross-channel ship.

The boat-train leaves Waterloo at 7.30 p.m. Dinner is served on the train which gets to Southampton in time for some light refreshment on board before you retire. By joining the ship earlier in the evening at the docks you can have dinner on board and a restful evening in the lounge.

The ships have more than three hundred sleeping berths, generous smoke rooms, lounges and bars, and a spacious dining room.

With good food and drink at reasonable prices, a really comfortable berth and the knowledge that the ship has stabilisers to smooth out the roughest sea, you travel comfortably overnight to arrive early next morning in France.

For first-class passengers in a hurry for an appointment, a connecting train leaves Havre at 7 a.m. reaching Paris at 9.25 a.m. Alternatively, you can breakfast leisurely on board and travel by the 8.40 a.m. first or second class, arriving Paris 11.37 a.m.

Go via Southampton-Havre — the leisurely way to cross the Channel !

Full information, tickets and reservations from principal travel agents or Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station, London, S.W.1.

SOUTHERN
BRITISH RAILWAYS

If you wish to take your car via Southampton—Havre apply well in advance to the Central Motor Car Booking Office, Victoria Station, London, S.W.1, or through the A.A. or R.A.C.

Lady comes out as Ladysmith; but what about Cassandra? I am tempted to call her heifer calf Cry the Beloved Country, but it is a bit long. Pedigree cows and bulls have names as fantastic as racehorses, but I notice with some pleasure that the heifer calf of one of my beasts which I sold in Castle Douglas a few years back, is called Naomi. There's fame for you!

The sun has been almost hot, but a sudden clap of thunder is followed by a chill wind and then hail, which lies in the calves' curly coats and drives us into the Land-Rover. Mr Lewis and Mr McSporran arrive. It appears that Mr McSporran would like the three larger bull calves, but there is one we are just not sure about. When he came over a month ago to look at one, there was a curious lump at its navel that might have been a rupture. I didn't think it was, but we wanted Mr Lewis to make sure. He feels around and decides that it is merely loose skin, and might have come from the other calves sucking it, though this is rare with calves which are on their mothers. Two of these bull calves are fully pedigreed, the third is from a 'B list' mother, whose heifer calves would count for the herd book, but not her bull calves. However, Mr McSporran's customers won't bother about that; these little bulls will be used for crossing with Ayrshires or some other non-pedigree cow. Should anyone want a pedigree, I can get it for £2, by writing in later.

I ask and get £45 each for them. How I arrive at the price is this: the inspector will not come to pass them as stock bulls until they are at least ten months old, so anyone buying now takes the risk of their not passing. He will also, if he is wise, feed them up a bit with cake during the winter. If they pass as bulls he will be able to sell them for a good bit more, anything from £60 up, I should say, in February or March. If they do not pass he can claim the subsidy – £7 10s a head – and will then sell them as bullocks in May or June or perhaps fatten them himself and grade them. My own bullocks, sold last June at just over a year old, fetched £50 each. This would not be quite so profitable but probably Mr McSporran knows his markets better than I do. He is a cheerful, friendly man, very unlike the wicked dealer of the stories. I hope, and think, the calves will pass as breeding bulls.

You might think I should keep them myself, taking the risk of their being turned down; but if I did, I should have all the complication of finding a buyer afterwards, sending them over and so on. Mr McSporran knows everyone and will have no trouble at all with this. But the fourth bull calf, who is smaller and less of the type? Well, Mr Lewis makes a bullock of him. At this age, the calves don't seem to worry much; the clamp which does it draws no blood, appears not to hurt. He trots off to his mother and has a good suck. The heifer calves, too, are back with their mother, but the three who have been sold are kept in the shed, to be picked up tomorrow on a lorry. The cows wander round uneasily, bellowing. It doesn't do to think of their feelings.

I have two heifers in calf. They will calve within a week of one another and one of them is very young. This was due to campers leaving a gate open, so that the Galloway bull got in. I feel I must keep the young one and look after her well, hoping she will have a small calf. I sell the other one to Mr McSporran for £50, though on the complete bargain there will be the 'luck-penny' back for him, the odd pound or two that usually gets asked for and given in local sales – though not, of course, at classy pedigree sales. I should get more if I kept her until Spring; but there would be her keep, and this way I shall get more room in the byre. It is all a very friendly business.

I shall leave the Galloway calves with their mothers for a few weeks longer, then separate them and bring them into a field near the house where there is a shed, so that they can shelter at night and be fed. I used not to give them bought cake – the old cows do well on my own hay, straw and turnips – but it seems worth while to spend that much extra and get them well on by Spring and the time of the new grass. They will get much tamer too and easier to handle. I think I know already which of the heifers will be Lachlan's favourite. Next autumn she will be walking sedately round the sale ring wearing a halter like a dairy cow and won't try to kick when she is brushed and combed. And her mother will have forgotten her.

NAOMI MITCHISON

BJPS

The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER 1958

ARTICLES

Two Evolutionary Theories — M. GRENE

Causal Explanation in Natural History — T. A. GOUDGE

R. B. Braithwaite on Probability and Induction — HENRY E. KYBURG Jr.

DISCUSSIONS

On Mr. Roy Harrod's New Argument for Induction — K. R. POPPER

'Philosophical' and 'Scientific' Sense Data — J. R. SMYTHIES

Multidimensional Time — H. A. C. DOBBS

The Paradoxes of Confirmation — H. G. ALEXANDER

REVIEWS AND ABSTRACTS

Annual subscription 42s *single copies* 10s 6d

Postage 6d

NELSON

PARKSIDE WORKS EDINBURGH 9

The Arts and Entertainment

The London Film Festival

ONE of the films just shown at the second London Festival might become a classic – *Last Day of Summer*, a Polish production completed this year. It is a work of astonishing simplicity (astonishing only till the impact of it begins to sink in; by which time one wonders, though the answer is obvious, why equally simple films don't appear every week). The entire action takes place on a deserted beach in the course of a few hours. There are just two actors – a young man, and a woman who looks a little older, and is neither pretty nor plain. For sound effects there are the roar of the sea, the roar, from time to time, of aircraft overhead, the wind in the telegraph wires. I see that someone is credited with having composed the music, but cannot remember that there was any.

Time Out of War inevitably comes to mind: there is not only the same regard for the theatre's unities, so freakish in the cinema, but a similarity of theme – a meeting, almost as if in a dream, of two anonymous strangers in a lonely place upon whose quiet there intrude now and then the sounds of a menacing and organised world beyond – and a similarity of tone – an elegiac atmosphere which from the outset promises that this time out of Time is not going to last. Only, *Last Day of Summer* is not a cameo, as *Time Out of War* is. This is not merely because it takes twice as long to play and the time represented is longer and more goes on, but because it is bigger in conception, more universal. *Time Out of War* could not mean a great deal to an audience totally ignorant of its historical background. *Last Day of Summer* has no specific framework of history and geography. All that we know and all we need to know of this man and woman is what they reveal of themselves in their behaviour towards each other. Nor do they make up for our knowing nothing about them at the outset by explaining themselves to us before the end. They are no more explained than Adam and Eve.

Perhaps this is the most remarkable thing of all about this film – that the characters are allowed to be as mysterious and surprising as people are. We find out no more about them than they find out about each other – and what they find out is mainly what they sense. At the end we know no better than she knows whether he was sane or mad and how much he had meant of what he said; it is doubtful whether he himself knew. What we do know is that he only wanted to find, as he says, some corner of the world 'for those who are tired, a place for those who don't want either to win or to lose', and that he never would find it; that she had been hurt, was afraid of being hurt again, and had to let herself be hurt again.

I think that what the film is about above all is Time: its title is precisely its theme. For the woman, the last day of summer means something final and insuperable: tomorrow she will go back to the capital, she cannot conceive of not going back tomorrow, and whatever she does today relates to the fact that tomorrow will be different; this *is* the last day of summer and there is no escape. For the man, life is made bearable only by his hope of overcoming Time, of getting outside the pattern, of making every day like every other day, so that there is no future but only an endless present.

But all this makes it sound abstract. The beauty of the film is its inspired naturalness, which persists even when the young man goes, as he does every now and then, careering over the sands like a lunatic. Everything the camera takes in is registered with an extraordinary wonder and lyricism: sea and clouds; long grass in fine dry sand; wet sand compressed and dented by a foot – we see such things again as if for the first time. And through it all we sense the exhilaration, the release, which a young film unit has got from being able to focus a camera on the world. This sheer joy in making a film is a quality that comes

through in all the work we see of the younger generation in Poland. Here it achieves a controlled abandon that makes one think of Vigo.

The other outstanding feature films I saw were *Goha* (France), *The Smugglers* (Hungary), and *The Wolf Trap* (Czechoslovakia). I must add that I failed to see three of the twenty features shown: *The House Where I Live* (USSR), *The Old Man and the Sea* (USA), and *La Sfida* (Italy).

The Smugglers, made this year, has something of the same visual lyricism and freshness as *Last Day of Summer*, but it is a more objective, detached lyricism. There were some beautifully true shots of a fairground and of a party in a cottage in this film, the most perfect and compact of the Festival. *The Wolf Trap* just fails to fulfil its early promise, but the first half of it creates a claustrophobic hell of possessive love which is appallingly real.

Goha is a strange, charming, witty, touching and highly original film made in Tunisia with an Arab cast. It is a sort of folk-tale, gracefully written, prettily photographed in Agfacolor, and subtly constructed, beginning in a wayward, episodic fashion that seems to be leading agreeably nowhere, and then gradually pulling all the scattered strings together until, suddenly, doom has taken over.

DAVID SYLVESTER

The Master of Brno—I

IT might have been supposed that Brno, the Moravian capital and centre of Janacek's creative life, would hold its main Janacek festivities in 1954, the centenary of the composer's birth; but the choice has fallen instead on 1958, the thirtieth anniversary of his death. The celebrations are extensive: besides an International Congress and various exhibitions, within three weeks all Janacek's most significant works will have been performed, no small undertaking for a city about a quarter the size of Birmingham.

Janacek is perhaps the outstanding instance in musical history of a composer late to mature: if he had died at the age of Mozart, or even of Schumann, the world would not have known his name. There is little to interest us now in the music which he completed before the turn of the century; on the other hand, an amazing quantity of his finest work dates from the final decade of his life. Brno has wisely refrained from delving too deeply into his earlier music; an exception has, however, been made in respect of his operas. It was in opera that Janacek revealed his full powers, and it was therefore appropriate that, for once, we should have the chance of hearing all nine of his stage works. Two of these antedate *Jenufa*, the turning-point of his artistic life: they are *Sarka* (1887) and the one-act *Beginning of a Romance* (1891). A third opera, *Osud* (*Fate*), though composed immediately after *Jenufa*, has remained unstaged until now, and of this important première I hope to give some account next week.

Sarka, too, languished unheard for long: in fact, until 1925. The trouble was that the composer had unwisely plunged into the composition of a text without asking the poet's permission – which was later refused; meanwhile, the great success of Fibich's opera on the same subject (1896) seemed to put an end to its prospects. An Englishman is inclined to wonder at the popularity of this Czech legend of war between the sexes, which also served Smetana as the programme of a symphonic poem: he finds it hard to contemplate these bloodthirsty viragoes with-

The Age of Beethoven

VOLUME VIII OF

The History of Music in Sound

ON LONG PLAY RECORDS IS NOW AVAILABLE

The complete series of ten volumes covers a period from the earliest known sources of music to the present day. The first eight are now available on Long Play and 78 r.p.m. records.

VOLUME I . . ANCIENT AND ORIENTAL MUSIC
VOLUME II . . . . EARLY MEDIEVAL MUSIC
VOLUME III ARS NOVA AND THE RENAISSANCE
VOLUME IV . . . . . THE AGE OF HUMANISM
VOLUME V. . . . OPERA AND CHURCH MUSIC
VOLUME VI THE GROWTH OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC
VOLUME VII . . . THE SYMPHONIC OUTLOOK
VOLUME VIII. . . . .THE AGE OF BEETHOVEN

This unique collection is prepared by musicians of the highest distinction, and performed by some of the greatest living artists in the most authentic manner possible.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE
L.P. and 78 r.p.m. Records

Full details may be obtained from your record dealer or direct from The History of Music in Sound, E.M.I. Records Ltd., 8/11 Great Castle St., London, W.1.

Sir Thomas Beecham on ITV in

"Sir Thomas at Lincoln's Inn"

10·15 p.m.

Thursday Oct 30

Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in a concert organised by the Bar Musical Society inside historic Lincoln's Inn.

GRANADA TV

37 Toulouse-Lautrec lithographs FREE

To readers of the 'New Statesman'

Nowadays when, perhaps cynically, we expect the much-boosted "free offer" to amount to little more than a four-page leaflet, it is a pleasant shock to come across one which runs to eighty quarto pages, full of superb reproductions of lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec. Beautifully bound in quarter-buckram, titled in real gold, this collector's edition is free from the Folio Society.

The Folio Society, in case you have not already encountered it, is a book club which specialises in magnificently-produced editions of the classics, from Herodotus and *The Decameron* to Jane Austen, from *Sherlock Holmes* and Rupert Brooke to *The Canterbury Tales*. They also publish fascinating eye-witness accounts of historic occasions such as *The Trial of Charles I*, Manucci's *Memoirs of the Mogul Court*, and Napoleon's own description of *The Waterloo Campaign*. One of the handsome bindings which are so much a feature of the Society's editions is illustrated here—a reproduction of a volume from Marie Antoinette's library, bearing her arms.

The astonishing thing is that these Folio Society editions, finely printed on good paper, individually designed, illustrated by distinguished artists, still cost no more than ordinary editions. There is no membership fee or other charge. One need order only four books a year out of a varied list of over fifty titles. This is where the free book comes in: the superb PARIS ALBUM of Toulouse-Lautrec Lithographs, brilliantly depicting the gilded, gaslit world of *fin-de-siècle* Paris, is a Presentation Volume sent FREE to every member immediately he enrols.

For 16-page illustrated prospectus giving full details, post the coupon below to The Membership Secretary, Folio Society, 70 Brook Street, London, W.1.

Please send details of the Folio Society NS 13

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

out irreverent Thurber-esque visions flitting through his mind. Janacek's opera is written in a romantic style similar to that of Dvorak, but far less expansive; it has already the characteristic concision (few of these operas last much more than two hours, intervals included), besides several other familiar Janacek fingerprints. It is by no means a dull work, but the impression it made was quickly effaced by the two works of genius which followed it in the Brno schedule.

Next night we had *Katya Kabanova*. With still vivid memories of the notable Sadler's Wells revival of 1954, it was interesting to note the differences of this Czech performance. The English production and scenery, realistic but with a powerful sense of atmosphere, seemed on the whole preferable to the looser handling and semi-stylised Brno sets; and the exponent of the light-hearted Barbara had none of the spontaneous gaiety of our own Marion Studholme. On the other hand, both the heroine (Kveta Belanova) and her tyrannical mother-in-law (Jarmila Palivcova) conveyed a more authentic impression of Russian character than their English equivalents; and this Katya made a profound effect in the final inarticulate meeting with Boris (Beno Blachut, a sensitive tenor no longer in his best voice). Here, too, Jaroslav Vogel's tender handling of the orchestra distilled the utmost sweetness from the tear-laden music; elsewhere, he was generally much more restrained than Rafael Kubelik had been, and in the scene of Katya's confession during the storm his quietude led to a certain dramatic tameness.

It is good news that both *Katya* and *The Cunning Little Vixen* have lately been recorded in Prague, for these two original operatic masterpieces need only to be better known to be widely recognised as such. The magical animal-opera, especially, has much to gain from invisibility, since Felsenstein alone – in that Berlin production which is one of the theatrical wonders of our time – has succeeded in stripping the action of its cute, Disney-like elements to reveal the pure nature-poetry and pantheism of Janacek's vision. In Brno, as in Prague, the realisation of the animal scenes was often painfully crude: who, with this pure, truthful music ringing in his ears, wants to see a horribly plump soprano-vixen dabbing her face with powder? By contrast, the human personages were magnificently sung and acted; the leading part, the Forester, had in Zdenek Kroupa a singer of Chaliapin-like gusto and ripeness, whose final scene in the warm depths of the forest attained, with the help of the orchestra's sympathetic playing under Frantisek Jilek, a memorable emotional climax.

(To be concluded)

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

The Stuarts

by J. P. Kenyon

A study in English kingship, fully illustrated from contemporary miniatures, engravings, medals and paintings.

"Based on very sound scholarship, written with great verve, is immensely readable, and I think in every way a most original book."—DR. J. H. PLUMB

50 illustrations *25s. net*

Prefaces to Shakespeare

by Harley Granville Barker

All the famous Prefaces are available again in a new two-volume edition:

Vol. I: Hamlet, King Lear, The Merchant of Venice, Antony and Cleopatra, Cymbeline

Vol. II: Othello, Coriolanus, Julius Caesar, Romeo and Juliet, Love's Labour's Lost

each 2 guineas net

The Batsford Book of Children's Verse

Edited by Elizabeth Jennings

In addition to established favourites, poems by, amongst others, W. H. Auden, Laurie Lee, Sidney Keyes, Christopher Fry, Lawrence Durrell, John Clare and Kathleen Raine are included in this refreshingly original anthology and embellished with appropriate illustrations.

16 colour photographs *12s. 6d. net*

B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

One Up to ITV

I DON'T know how many there have been of those plotless, mystical American plays about a stray bunch of crazy characters in a saloon; *The Iceman Cometh* is the prototype. It is easy to make fun of such plays but the best of them have an inner toughness, of texture if not of construction, which turns ridicule against the critic.

Such a play is William Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life*, done live from Manchester last Sunday by the New York Center Theatre company, which had been performing it at the Brussels Exhibition. Whatever arrangement may have been made with the American government (which sponsored the production in Brussels), it is greatly to the credit of ABC to have given British viewers the chance of seeing this 'star-studded' and expensive company in a play that might not have been expected to hold the mass-public for 90 minutes (and I hope that it may have been telerecorded for possible repetition). I gather that the BBC made no effort to beat ITV to this scoop: did no one tell them that there was this remarkable production to be seen an hour's flight away, and that the cast would be flying home last week-end and might be persuaded to break their journey? Nor is the BBC in any position to counter-attack snootily with its Sunday-night Brieux by a *British* company, since the BBC is currently spending many dollars in importing canned American comic shows, of varying quality.

In cold retrospect, *The Time of Your Life* seems less substantial and more sentimental than it did in the viewing; and, being a stage-play adapted (very well), it was set-bound. (Had it been written specially for TV, Saroyan's whimsical imagination would surely have freed us more often from the walls of Nick's honky-tonk.) But the author's characterisation and the performance of Myron McCormick, Franchot Tone, Lonny Chapman, and many others in the big cast were superb; I felt some reservations only about Susan Strasberg, whose day-dreaming whore seemed almost too dewy-fresh to be true. There was a wonderful moment when one of them, playing with a gun, said 'Bang!', several others jumped nervously, and simultaneously, with a loud clang, an obsessive marbles-shooter hit the right spot at last and set in violent, flag-waving, musical motion a machine called 'The American Destiny'. Infinite rehearsal must have gone to the perfecting of this moment and of the whole rounded set of unselfish *tours de force*. Even the commercials could not suspend so magical a suspension of our disbelief.

Having deprecated the BBC's lack of enterprise in one respect, I must praise the BBC for televising a religious production which no American network would dare to broadcast – Dominic Behan's *Cantata of Christ the Worker*. This re-telling of the Gospel story in quasi-folk-song was set in the London equivalent of Nick's honky-tonk, an *espresso*-bar; and the revolutionary Christian message was conveyed ingeniously not only in the actual words of the songs (*'So we salute this rebel rare'*), but in the selection of the traditional tunes to which they were set. Mary's lament on Calvary was set to the tune of *McCaffery*, the famous Victorian ballad of a Liverpool-Irish soldier executed for defying injustice (and shooting, by mistake, the wrong officer); and the finale was a parody of Burns – *'How he unto a cross was nailed By merchantmen and a' that. . . .'* Stan Kelly made a finely fleering Judas, Isobel Sutherland a majestic Gaelic Magdalene; Isla Cameron, Fitzroy Coleman, and some beautiful camerawork (lingering, for instance, on the guilty hands not only of Judas but of all men) contributed to a fine and moving experiment. What Mrs Proudie would have said, I can't think: it is nice at least to think that she is no longer on the BBC's Board of Governors.

TOM DRIBERG

Blue Note

AT a time when New York reports that 'religio-LPs enter big-time stakes' ('album interest has suddenly focused on the religious kick') we are apt to search nervously for grains of comfort in the stubbly fields of jazz and pop music. We may find some in the fact that the current list of the ten best-selling jazz LPs/EPs in Britain contains two discs of authentic, uncompromising and uncompromised, blues singers: the late Leroy Carr (*Treasures of North American Negro Music*, Fontana EP) and the Terry-McGhee team, accompanied by Chris Barber (Pye-Nixa LP). This advance of the blues is not unexpected. It is nevertheless a triumph for the small if influential band of fanatics which has for years systematically set out to infect an indifferent public with its own devotion to this difficult art; among them Humphrey Lyttelton, who has twice combined with Jimmy Rushing, and Chris Barber, who has pursued a fixed policy of importing blues and gospel singers for his band. So far as one can see Mr Barber gets nothing but spiritual satisfaction from these imports: it is the blues-singers who benefit by the chance to sing with what is (to the puzzlement of several critics) the most successful band in show business today. Few of those who came to hear the Barber band at the St Pancras Town Hall on Monday had ever heard, or even heard of, McKinlay Morganfield ('Muddy Waters') who also appeared on the bill. But it is a safe bet that henceforth this blues-singer, like his predecessors, will have a public of his own.

Muddy Waters, as his flamboyant trade-name suggests, practises a type of singing as yet unfamiliar over here. Rushing stands four-square on the floor, swaying his mighty bulk gently, and calling out his beautifully swung lines with ease, relaxation and equanimity preferably against a big band (*Little Jimmy Rushing and the Big Brass*, Philips LP). The late Big Bill Broonzy sang for the feeling of the words. Muddy Waters is a mannered, not to say a mannerist, singer who constructs patterns of voice and electric guitar, which make their emotional effect by systematically bombarding the audience with the loudest

and bluest of blue sounds: a flamenco-sounding blues man. He is a large sleek-haired gypsy-like artist; at any rate he has the calculating air of the gypsy musician bending over the audience figuring how far and in what direction to let out the emotional stops. Not so his accompanist and half-brother, Mr Otis Spand, a chubby little player designed by nature to play the blues on a piano if ever a man was, and who ravishes us by nature as Muddy Waters does by artifice. An impressive team.

There is no getting away from the blues: the most sophisticated and modern players return to it. The fascinating Thelonious Monk drags a somewhat intimidated Gerry Mulligan into them on *Mulligan meets Monk* (London LP). The late Art Tatum's *Trio Blues* (Art Tatum, Columbia 33CX 10115) can only be described as the *haute école* of piano blues, like Ulanova dancing Russian folk-dances: the whole of this sensational record belongs into every collection. There is no getting away from the blues: and a good thing too.

FRANCIS NEWTON

The Falsifiers

Two films, in different programmes at the Academy Cinema, demonstrate very vividly how imaginative talent and honest intentions are no longer by themselves adequate for an appraisal of reality today – we live in a cultural climate of such privileged unreality. The films are Basil Wright's *The Immortal Land* and Guy Brenton's *The Vision of William Blake*.

Maybe it is significant that the makers of both films stress the fact that their approach has been oblique. 'This film is not primarily about the artistic achievement of William Blake.' 'A poetic meditation about the land of Greece and its people as seen by someone coming from outside and, as it were, falling in love with them.'

Wright's film is, as indeed one might expect from him, beautifully made from a visual point of view. It has several high spots: the sequence about Greek sculpture; the recording of Greek actors reading from Sophocles; the camera's illustrations to a nostalgic poem by George Seferis. It also has names: Rex Warner, Michael Ayrton, Leo Genn, Michael Redgrave, John Gielgud. But what does it say? Over and over again it offers two thoughts. Greek culture is very old – which is visually self-evident. Greek life hasn't changed much – which is a lie. One might think this was an officially sponsored film. So many finely rounded and vague sentences about birth and death are often a device for avoiding having to present awkward facts and choices. Yet actually this film was independently made and its evasions are unconscious. For those soaked in our partial classical education and enclosed in our unreal cultural life, the betrayed Greek Resistance, Averoff Prison, Tony Ambatielos and his fellow heroes, the hunger of Athens, the women working in unsafe mines, the lives of the sponge fishermen, are simply not what Greece (the glory that was) means.

Wright and Warner might protest that I am demanding a quite different kind of film. I am not. If you have 'fallen in love' with the Greeks and you are making a film linking past to present and you are constantly using grave words like Liberty, Democracy, Suffering, Unvanquished – how can you be so self-indulgent and blind as to ignore the critical events of the lives you film? It need not be a political documentary. Let it be a 'meditation'. But let it meditate, let it *think*. After quoting 'Those who were natives of the country all had

Value Wines

Red Burgundy

COTES DE BEAUNE
1953

10/6 per bottle

White Burgundy

PETIT CHABLIS
1955

9/6 per bottle

J·LYONS·&·CO·LTD

Orders for 3 bottles or more delivered carriage paid. Orders for 1 or 2 bottles please add 2/6 for packing and delivery.

LYONS
HOP EXCHANGE
CELLARS

26 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1.
HOP 0425

*

For a full list of value wines available, write for Wine List G

HEFFER'S

A CAMBRIDGE BOOKSHOP THAT IS KNOWN IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

•

W. HEFFER & SONS LTD
Petty Cury, Cambridge

Send for this book

Worry and upsets between husbands and wives so frequently arise through lack of modern family planning. This useful book deals frankly with many of the questions which too often have to go unanswered. Written in an understanding and straightforward way, "PLANNED FAMILIES" can help to resolve one of the commonest and most serious problems in married life. Every married couple should have a copy. You can get yours now — *absolutely free.*

***FREE!* POST COUPON NOW**

To: Planned Families Publications,
12 Oval Road, London, N.W.1.

Please send me, under PLAIN COVER, a free copy of "Planned Families." I am an adult.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

..... 1/2/NN

people to see off on their way, whether friends or relations or sons and they came full of hope and full of lamentations at the same time, thinking of the conquests that might be made and thinking too of those they might never see again. . .' a tame shot of a steamer leaving the quay seems irrelevant. Tony Ambaticlos's mother saying 'I mean to live until I can kiss my son again', would seem relevant. Finally the falsification of this film is evident; finally you hit upon what it is like – a beautiful magic-lantern lecture in a college with a fine cellar in an English university with very thick walls.

And exactly the same applies to the Blake film. He is presented as a Canterbury Laureate. There are poems, there are paintings, there is the specially written music by Vaughan Williams (very polished and piteous), but where is the reality of this man, who lived like an artisan in London, wore a tricolour in his hat and so much hated what he saw around him that he dreamt to give himself space? Instead we get a 'spiritual journey' which might have been illuminating if Blake's words had been listened to.

JOHN BERGER

The Square Fella

The Hostage (Theatre Royal, Stratford) is an attempt by Mr Brendan Behan to find the form without first having had the experience. The result is that – like a man talking boozily in a saloon bar – he combines a fundamental lack of authority with a disagreeable anxiety to please.

The set-up is propitious – a kip run by an old IRA whoremaster and his doxy, in which a British National Serviceman is held as hostage for an Irishman awaiting execution in Belfast goal. A kip which not only has whores, but an adoptive Irish Patriot from Harrow who plays the pipes and wears the kilt and talks like Sir Henry Newbolt, a lady from the Salvation Army, a civil servant and a pansy. Why (to borrow the phrase) you might sing that, if you'd an air to it – the only condition indispensable to your singing it with conviction being that you, as author, should believe it (at whatever level you choose). But Mr Behan doesn't.

Why a pansy? Is he part of the play or just a topical gag? Why a brothel? Has it a use – or is it there just to please an audience? Every now and then songs are sung; but instead of providing a chorus, a generalisation of the theme, they sound like something to be going on with while author's eye glances away. The shapelessness of this play seemed to me to be the upper surface, the contour, of the author's own unconviction, the expression of his eye's confusion: not, as in *The Quare Fella*, (one of the best half-dozen plays of its decade) evidence of a talent that was luxuriating.

The energy comes largely from Miss Joan Littlewood. Her production is vibrant and noisy, her actors as Brechtian as any Principal Boy who ever asked an audience to join in. The production imposes no unity; joyously Miss Littlewood seeks to emphasise unity by walking away from it; an admirable ploy where real unity, wholeness of vision, is present, but one which will startlingly magnify the defect when the author's gaze is uncontinuous.

It is perfectly plain that Mr Behan is all for humanity, that love and the individual mean more to him than a cause, whatever the cause. But in this play he *conveys the information*, he does not create a world within which we could have experienced the example. The idea of a sentimental brothel-keeper is firmly in Mr Behan's imagination – but the development of the character is not: it is not the brothel-keeper who is repetitive, it is Mr Behan. Many of his characters have recognisable functions within the mechanism of the piece, but because the author has only half realised his characters and is prepared to make up the deficiency by using them to satisfy any member of the audience with an appetite for hearing 'bloody' said out loud, these functions are not fulfilled.

The cast, ebulliently if not actually Irish, seemed to enjoy themselves. But Mr Behan believed about half of it; the rest of the time his eye wavered from the business in hand and wandered speculatively over the audience, wondering which of them could be touched for a laugh.

ROBERT ROBINSON

Encounter

The November issue (an enlarged one) of Britain's leading monthly is full of good things. Most topical, and controversial, is Robert Neville's **Vatican Report**—"the most under-reported important spot in the Western world". George Steiner writes on **Marxism and the Literary Critic,** and Stuart Hampshire on **Dr. Zhivago.** Many *N.S.* readers will be particularly interested in Wayland Young's statement of the **Abolitionist's Position.**

Other contributions include **Men at the Top,** in which Roy Lewis and Rosemary Stewart open a door into Britain's executive suites. **Frank Norman** describes his experiences on leaving prison. Daniel Bell discusses **America's Peculiar Recession** and F. R. Allemann the **Middle East** crisis. There is a new long poem by **W. H. Auden.**

3s. (U.S. 75 cents) a copy. Postage 6d.
£2 (U.S. $7.50) a year, incl. postage.

from all newsagents or direct from

ENCOUNTER 25 HAYMARKET LONDON SW1

Britten's Night Thoughts

BRITTEN'S song-cycles are the backbone of his musical output, and if (as I have often suspected) the spinal column is the seat of the emotions, then that will spare me the solecism of saying that they are its heart, too. In them he has given us a more continuous, more consistent, and above all more intimate account of his genius than in any other genre, for in them he, more even than in the operas, for 'good theatre' demands compromises that only the most robust temperaments can make successfully.

For his latest cycle, the *Nocturne* performed at Leeds last week, he has chosen poems by various authors, as he did in the *Serenade* and the *Spring Symphony* – a self-offered challenge, for it means that the composer alone must impose unity on the whole work. All the songs are in some way connected with night, sleep, dreams and visions, but there is no feeling of anthologising around a chosen subject. Britten has digested each of these poems into his own personality, and it is his music that gives them the organic unity they now have. A rocking string figure derived from the accompaniment of the first, preludial song links them, but this is no craftsmanlike joinery; each song, characterised by its own obbligato instrument, emerges from this quiet background like a fresh dream disturbing the sleeper.

And 'disturbing' is the word. Those critics who found this a charming, cheerful work must be strangely insensitive to Britten's language. Perhaps they were led astray by the horn's onomatopoeic mewing in Middleton's 'Midnight's bell' or the fluttering flute and clarinet that paint Keats's summer breeze. Far more important, surely, is the anxiety that underlies Coleridge's vision of the 'lovely Boy', the consciousness of cruelty and guilt haunting Owen's 'Kind Ghosts', the horror that erupts explicitly in the central song, a setting of the lines in which Wordsworth broods upon the 'September Massacres'. 'O rose, thou art sick', sang the *Serenade*; the sickness is still there, yet it is transcended. With the last song we emerge from sleep into the daylight of reason, but paradoxically this is also where Britten goes deepest. Shakespeare's sonnet 'When most I wink', with its rhetorical conceits, is not at first sight a good text for music, but here it is made to sum up the rest of the cycle in the most extraordinary way; the last song of the Hardy set, 'Winter Words', struck much the same heartfelt note, but this is finer still. Peter Pears's singing was as eloquent as ever – his interpretation of this dark masterpiece must be recorded as soon as possible.

JEREMY NOBLE

Correspondence

PATTERN OF CRIME

SIR,—I should like to draw to your attention a very serious error of interpretation which appeared in C. H. Rolph's article 'Pattern of Crime' in your issue of 18 October.

The table reproduced in the text shows the age distribution of persons found guilty of indictable offences over the years since 1938 and shows, as Mr Rolph points out, that the age distribution of convicted persons is much as it was before the war. But to say that 'all the anxiety' is about a '*one per cent. increase*' in the share of last year's crime attributable to young people arises from his looking at the wrong tables.

The table from which he quotes shows, as it were, the ratio of ingredients in the criminal 'cake'; but such tabulations cannot show either the increase in the overall size of the cake, or that the various ingredients now constitute different proportions of the total 'stock'. The relevant tables are to be found in Appendix II of the current *Criminal Statistics*.

There it can be seen that the proportions of persons in each age group convicted of crime has been rising since 1938, and quite sharply since 1954.

	No. of persons convicted per 100 thousand of age group			
Age	1938	1955	1956	1957
8 to 14	798	924	958	1,091
14 to 17	1,131	1,603	1,783	2,058
17 to 21	767	1,099	1,285	1,555
21 to 30	487	771	858	969
30 and over	173	243	250	264

From this it is clear that *criminality*, i.e., the rate at which people are found guilty, is increasing at an appreciable rate for all groups; moreover, it is un-

true to say as Mr Rolph does, that 'the proportion of over thirties convicted has been falling for years' at the bottom row of the foregoing table indicates.

The immediate anxiety, however, is not about the one per cent. shift in the age distribution of convicted offenders, but about the alarming absolute rise in their numbers. Chapter V of the current *Statistics* shows that the percentage increase in the actual numbers of young people convicted is even larger than in 1955/56. For the 14-17s this is an increase 21 per cent., and for the 17-21s it is no less than 26 per cent. It means that Borstals alone have to be prepared—at an optimistic estimate—for an increase in potential candidates of something like 15 per cent. per annum, while the probation service must be prepared to take a substantial share of the remainder.

Returning however, to the point I think Mr Rolph wanted to make, that, *in the dock* as it were, the distribution of young and old remains much the same, he has overlooked a most striking variation in an otherwise unchanging pattern. Where convictions for violence against the person are concerned, in 1938 half of those convicted were over 30 and half under 30. In 1957, only 31 per cent. were over 30 while 69 per cent. were under 30. In detail, the share of those between 17 and 21—roughly the Borstal age group—has risen from 10 per cent. in 1938 to 23 per cent. in 1957.

Mr Rolph says that he shrinks from tabulations and finds them indigestible. While I hesitate to offer advice to such a lively and well-informed commentator on the criminological scene, I feel it is unwise to shy away suspiciously from statistics. Properly used, they can be, and in fact are, the only true barometer of the state of crime in society.

TERENCE MORRIS

Department of Sociology
London School of Economics

[C. H. Rolph writes: Dr Morris's belief that the *Criminal Statistics* are 'the only true barometer of the state of crime in society' makes me wish I could take him back-stage, so to speak, and let him watch their raw material being prepared. As it is, there is nothing in the table which he would substitute for mine (his deals with 'absolute' increases, which he regards as 'alarming' and I don't) to affect my two main contentions. These are that the age distribution of convicted persons has hardly changed since 1938, and that crime is always likely to be a youthful occupation.—ED., *NS.*]

A SOCIETY FOR PEOPLE

SIR,—I agree with you on the importance of Peter Townsend's brilliant chapter in *Conviction*. After the near nausea produced in me by some of the recent Labour Party pronouncements, it was most stimulating and refreshing.

There was one point that puzzled me. Mr. Townsend says: 'Too many social services . . . are still governed by the belief in a "minimum"'. Then, further on, proposing a Family Help Service, he says: 'It would have many additional functions, like the systematic visiting of the isolated aged by skilled workers to assess need'. How are these workers to assess need without starting from an idea of minimum needs? How can a social worker, no matter how skilled, assess the needs of an aged person without having some idea of the least requirements of that person?

I agree that the setting of a minimum standard of living is a difficult task but it must be undertaken in order to approach social security in anything like a definite manner. As Beveridge said in 1942, we must establish a national minimum above which prosperity can grow, with want abolished.

T. I. RICHARDSON

14 High View Road
Sidcup

SIR,—Mr Townsend, in his contribution, enumerates a series of figures to show that what he calls the 'submerged' may amount to one-fifth of the population, i.e., 10 million persons. It is difficult to see from his miscellaneous list of statistics how he arrives at this figure. The figures he quotes of persons in receipt of pensions, benefits, assistance, in hospitals, etc., 'may overlap in some instances'. They certainly do overlap in most instances. He apparently assumes that the one million wage-earners and their families dependent on sickness benefit, on any 'average day' are all 'submerged'. An example of his use of these statistics is his statement that there are 'almost' 500,000 unemployed and therefore [sic] around two million men, women and children dependent on unemployment benefit. The 1951 population census showed that, on an average, an earner had one dependant. Why does he declare that an unemployed worker has on an average three dependants?

In his final paragraph he states that 'terms such as "equality", "privilege" . . . and "class" are imprecise and call up different images for different people'. One 'is conscious of the risks in using them.' His contribution shows that his word 'submerged' should be included in these terms.

J. W. NIXON

11 Chemin de la Florence
Geneva

SIR,—Peter Townsend asks:

> How many people know that the unemployment and sickness benefits for a man in 1958 form a much smaller percentage of the average wage than they did in 1938, or, indeed, in 1912?

Can we have the figures which support this oblique statement published, please?

DUNCAN B. CLULOW

15 Holmesley Close
New Malden

[Mr Townsend is abroad. But his argument is supported by this comparison between 1958 and 1938. Average earnings for men over 21 are now 253s per week: the unemployment benefit for a single man is 50s, and for a married man it is 80s. The single man thus gets 19.7 per cent of average earnings, and the married man gets 31.6 per cent. In 1938, the comparable figure for earnings was 69s, and unemployment benefit then stood at 17s for a single man and 26s for a married man. Thus the single man got 24.6 per cent of average earnings, and the married man received 37.6 per cent. The comparable totals for 1912 are more difficult to secure, since the statistics of earnings are less reliable and comprehensive, but the 1912 unemployment benefit for a single man then stood at 7s, while average earnings were of the order of 30s.—ED., *N.S.*]

RACE RELATIONS IN BRITAIN

SIR,—As an American sociologist who recently had the privilege of spending seven months on sabbatical leave in England, studying the West Indian community of Bristol, may I be permitted a few remarks on your recent race riots and on an interesting and provocative analysis of them by Dr K. L. Little in your issue of 20 September?

Little's article is, I think, one of the few realistic ones to appear since your unfortunate riots in Nottingham and Notting Hill. In particular I should like to second strongly two of his points, remarking, as I do so, how basically analogous are the situations he discusses and analyses with what is found in the United States—to the distress of many Britishers I am sure.

First, I should like to commend his point about the 'free-floating aggression' (present in one degree and form or another in all societies I am sure) which can so easily be let loose upon 'a permitted object'. The second point Little makes, with which I am also in basic agreement, is his reference to the fact that 'the British social system is based largely upon differences in class and that "colour" has an inferior social connotation'.

The point is that prejudice in Britain, as in the States, while of a somewhat different variety and lesser virulence, is not disapproved of as such. Rather it is socially permissible to disparage many other groups, such as the West Indians in the case at hand. To the extent that this behaviour is practised and unconsciously encouraged by many of the

violence

in Notting Hill—misunderstanding on the Mason-Dixon Line where negro novelist **Richard Gibson** in

MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES

describes how poor Bubba was booted out of his Paradise.

'elegiac'—(*N.S. & N.*) 12s. 6d.

Alphonse Daudet's SIDONIE

(*Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné* to the nobs) written 1874 established him as a major writer and is here translated by Charlotte Haldane.

With a foreword by **Alan Pryce-Jones.**

Large Crown 336 pp. 18s.

For a side *blick* on Quemoy read

THE AMIABLE PRUSSIAN

Charles Drage's biography of a man who served two difficult masters, Hitler and Chiang Kai-shek.

Illustrated, Demy. 18s.

Coming on November 5th . . .

GUIDE TO MODERN MUSIC ON RECORDS

Edited by **Dr. Robert Simpson**

Crown 8vo. 240 pp. only 12s. 6d.

BLOND

so-called élite, we can expect continuing outbreaks of this kind from time to time. After all, Nottingham and Notting Hill are not the first instances of race riots in Britain in this century. They have occurred, as many of your readers may remember, in both Cardiff and Liverpool in some of the years following World War I.

Before closing, I would add one or two qualifications about other sections of Little's article. I feel he accepts too much at face value people's verbalisations about what they will do if Negroes move into the same neighbourhood. People frequently over-verbalise in terms of what they actually will do, particularly when such a question just by being put to them, and at such a time as this, invites a negative reply.

I am also not certain that I should agree fully with his conclusion about the desirability of anti-colour bar legislation. It might create more problems than it would solve. But this last is a very delicate point, and I am not completely sure as to the proper approach. I might add that I favour such an approach in the United States, particularly on the state level, in view of the different nature of our race problem. In any case, this is obviously a matter that needs persistent additional consideration, certainly more than Britain has given it in the past.

FRANK F. LEE

Department of Sociology
University of California

ATTITUDES TO ADVERTISERS

SIR,—It is not the slightest use Mr T. J. Fielding getting cross with *me*. I was reviewing a book, not writing an article. *I* don't ask whether advertising pays and answer that nobody knows: the author of *Madison Avenue, USA* does. Can I have written the review so badly that this was not clear? I cannot check the point, for my 4 October NEW STATESMAN has been used with every other scrap of paper in the house to wrap up the apple crop. I must hope that Mr Fielding got so excited he did not read the review slowly enough. As to his claims for advertising, I can only say that the book claims to be based on a probably unprecedented thoroughness of documentation and interview—unprecedented for the subject. And its findings conflict with Mr Fielding's. I have not the slightest idea which view is correct. And nor has anyone else.

No, I do not believe, seriously or otherwise, that advertisers subsidise the press for the sake of the press. They spend money on advertising because other people do, and for all they know it may pay them; and in any case it is not as expensive to them as it sounds since, being regarded as a legitimate business expense, tax allowance covers some part of it. The rest is presumably paid by the public, in the price of the goods. All I said was that this is a good thing for us, as writers or readers of newspapers and periodicals.

Surely there can be only one opinion about advertising: when it publishes the specification, whereabouts and price of a commodity, as in drapery, stores and book advertising and, perhaps, as in the last-named case, some independent opinions on the product, it is useful, even valuable. When it represents commonplace objects as jewels of great price, processed foods of dubious value as nourishing and delicious, tobacco as wholesome (I am a smoker), it is immoral and pernicious and ought to be stopped. I have no objection at all to advertisers, and nor had the author I was reviewing. But if Mr Fielding presses me I will confess that I believe advertising agents are people who are abusing their talents.

EDWARD HYAMS

Molash, Canterbury
Kent

13th November

JUNG and the problem of Evil

H. L. PHILP, author of *Freud and Religious Belief* examines Jung's writings on the subject of Evil. A tense debate between theology and psychology. 30*s net*

ALEC CLUNES

J. C. TREWIN'S brilliant *Theatre World Monograph* on a remarkable actor with an astonishingly wide record of playing and production. 21*s net*

Keeping a CORGI

LESLIE PERRINS' labour of love to promote the health and welfare of these charming little dogs who rank so high amongst the favourites of dog-lovers. *Illustrated.* 21*s net*

IRA ALDRIDGE
—Negro Tragedian

HERBERT MARSHALL & MILDRED STOCK present a major piece of theatrical research into the life of the first coloured actor to play Shakespeare's white roles. He toured Europe as far as Russia and was acclaimed everywhere. *Illustrated.* 35*s net.*

ROCKLIFF

SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON

THE KING AND EARL ATTLEE

SIR,—A. J. P. Taylor, in his review of Wheeler Bennett's *King George VI*, assumes from the King's record of his interview with Attlee that 'the King exercised decisive influence' in the appointment of Bevin instead of Dalton as Foreign Secretary in 1945. But this interview was at 7.30 p.m. on 26 July. Hugh Dalton tells us in *The Fateful Years* that he saw Attlee 'just before lunch' on 27 July, and was advised to get his bag packed to start for Potsdam as 'almost certainly' he would go to the Foreign Office. At 7 p.m. that day Attlee rang Dalton and told him he had reconsidered the matter, and the reason for the rearrangement was that Morrison and Bevin would be kept apart, as 'if they were both on the home front they would quarrel all the time'.

It seems clear that the King's suggestion was only one of a number of factors influencing Attlee's decision, and probably a very minor one. It would be helpful to constitutional historians if Earl Attlee would add a final word to settle this controversy.

B. HUGHES

Ruskin College,
Oxford

LABOUR AND EDUCATION

SIR,—Barbara Laslett's proposal that university grants should be made available only to those children who have been educated in state schools might be a method to ensure the decline of the public school system, but surely it is unethical? Socialists will agree that if we are to have an equitable system of education the purchasing of a privileged form of teaching must be abolished, but can we accept any plan or policy which deliberately penalises any section of the community even if that group happens to have been formerly the privileged one? This is particularly cogent when we remember that those children involved should not be made to suffer for decisions made by their parents when the former were in their very early childhood. Furthermore, it would be indefensible to rob the community of any individual whose intellectual capacity warrants a university education.

If the Health Service is to be used as an analogy would we approve of a state of affairs in which a man might enter a private room in a hospital to undergo an operation for the removal of an appendix subsequently to learn that he had a malignant condition which would require a major operation followed by weeks of radiotherapy, the cost of which he could not afford, but having opted for private treatment in the first place he would be informed that he must either pay for this more expensive treatment or not have it? Incidentally, it is now Labour Party policy to abolish entirely the private fee-paying bed!

It would appear that there is only one of two ways in which the problem of the private school can be tackled; either it should be integrated into the state system or the standard of state education should be raised to a level whereby the private school would have no more attraction.

DREDAGH J. DRAIN

613 Finchley Road, NW3

AFTER-CARE FOR PRISONERS

SIR,—We welcome your sympathetic comment on the report of the Home Office Advisory Council on the treatment of offenders, but we are a little puzzled about your concern that the rehabilitation work for ex-prisoners calls for a special breed of welfare workers.

It is certainly true that there is a need for welfare workers inside prisons to prepare prisoners for their discharge and to help to reduce the effect of the sudden transition from institutional to normal life. However, the Maxwell Committee recommended that even for these workers a training similar to that given to probation officers was desirable. Probation officers are particularly trained to deal with delinquents and offenders, and it is this part of their training which has made them so readily acceptable to the more responsible after-care organisations. They are already carrying the after-care for almost all young prisoners, Borstal discharges and prisoners leaving corrective training and preventive detention, in addition to an indeterminate number of prisoners who have chosen to accept the help of a probation officer. At least 7,000 such people are already under the supervision of probation officers, and it does seem that the additional burden proposed by the new report of the Home Office Advisory Council could be carried by a Service already experienced and trained for that task. If not, then the new service of welfare workers you envisage should, of course, take over existing after-care as well, but this will solve no problem as the over-all difficulty of finding the required numbers and enticing them to join an underpaid service will remain.

FRANK DAWTRY
General Secretary
National Association of Probation Officers

EAST GERMAN ART

SIR,—Due doubtless to a mistake in transcribing, a sentence was left out of my review about the exhibition of Graphic Art from East Germany. Because this omission considerably changed the tone of my opinion about the exhibition, I would be grateful if you would publish this letter. What I wrote was: 'It is now admitted that the Communist countries may soon be ahead of the West scientifically and technologically; but in fact, as this exhibition shows, their advance is also a cultural one, and this will become obvious to us just as soon as we give up our obsession with the always special case of genius'.

JOHN BERGER

Newland, Glos.

COLERIDGE PARODIED

SIR,—Mr Randolph Quirk inquires where he can find the parody on Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, beginning 'In Bakerloo did Aly Khan . . .'. This is to be found in *The Fire and the Fountain*, by John Press, page 126. (*Oxford.*)

FRANK LYNAS

Valence House,
Sutton Valence School,
Kent

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Play, Orchestra, Play!

ANY discussion of the art of Noël Coward must necessarily turn on the distinction between 'Drama' and 'Theatre' – and the value, if any, of pure 'Theatre' considered as an end in itself. Pure 'Drama' – we are not flattering ourselves here? – we can all hope to recognise. Today pure 'Theatre' – thanks to the Arts Council, 'The Method', M. Ionesco, the spirit of the age, the 'comedies' of Mr Eliot and the fact that 'culture', like Honest Doubt in the nineteenth century and rational religion earlier, has become the obsession of the Higher Boredom – is far to seek. Soon it will be as dead as Queen Anne. The best work of our leading 'majority' dramatists – Priestley, Ustinov, Rattigan, etc. – is 'theatre' strongly tinged with drama. They write deliberately intending that their wit, pathos, characters and situations shall follow us out of Shaftesbury Avenue and into the Tube, surviving even Mr Tynan's parodies, Mr Shulman's rubber truncheon, Mr Hope-Wallace's puns, Mr John Barber's enthusiasm, Mr Alan Brien's acidity, Mr Harold Hobson's French and the killing kindliness of Printing House Square. Their successors – Whiting, Osborne, Cannan, Owen Holder and that startling newcomer, Mr John Arden – have, to a greater or less degree, similar preoccupations. They are all men of the theatre who aim to be dramatists.

Not so Mr Coward. Alone among our practising first division, he is unashamedly the theatrical purist. From the day when, aged 14, he first met Gertie Lawrence – 'a vivacious child in black ringlets' who 'gave me an orange and told me a few mildly dirty stories' – on the train to Liverpool with Miss Italia Conti, his fate was sealed. (Much later, up in C. B. Cochran's office, the Devil showed him the kingdoms of the West End, but this was a work of satanic supererogation.) Politics, religion, social problems, Time, philosophy, the 'accepted hells beneath', the strife of gods and men – he is hygienically free from them all. Intellectually, he is as clean as a whistle. Again and again, in the prefaces to his plays – and in a notable and amusing scene in *Present Laughter* (1942) – he emphasises his absorption in and respect for the commercial theatre, much as a certain kind of failed creative writer who has turned into a top-line journalist salutes the *camaraderie* and stylistic discipline of Fleet Street.

Time and place, the warm Clapham-Ebury Street background, the condition of the English theatre, the long divorce between the stage and literature (a breach that Shaw healed by annulling the original marriage and re-contracting the parties on a sounder and mutually satisfactory basis) – all this, together with his own fatal flair and facility and hunger for success at any price, made it inevitable that Coward should shun the semi-intellectual (or even the historical or biographical) themes that have fascinated his contemporaries. Though no one would describe Mr Rattigan as a dramatist of ideas, he has never been frightened of them – or of using them, when his technique seemed to demand it. His attempt to emulate Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra* with a dramatised version of the life of Alexander the Great (*Adventure Story*, 1949), was a praiseworthy attempt to fly high after the same fashion as Peter Ustinov's effort to make a twentieth-century Lear out of Marshal Pétain. It is said that Mr Rattigan has more than once meditated a tragi-comedy on the life of F. E. Smith (what a play that would make!), and Mr Priestley himself has declared that he had considered Sir Charles Dilke as a potential hero. Mr Coward has never been seduced by the dramatic past in this way. The decor of Watteau (*The Marquise*, 1927), Regency Brighton (*Conversation Piece*, 1934), Edwardian musical comedy (*Operette*, 1938) and the *Illustrated London News* (*Cavalcade*, 1931), have been his closest glimpses of the historical.

Weaving in and out of these five volumes* – 26 plays in all, not counting the nine one-act pieces that form the repertoire of *Tonight at 8.30*, and contain some of the writer's best comedy – one re-admires Coward's wonderful deftness and construction. Not content with pondering his tricks, I have also been trying to analyse his content. To do this is to see where, even as a pure man of the theatre, he fails. Maugham, his great model, never makes this mistake. From *Lady Frederick* onwards, his plays, whether comedies or melodramas, are humming with content. (The later failures, such as *Sheppey* and *For Services Rendered*, positively stagger under the burden of it.) But except very rarely (and, strangely enough, most effectively in that deliberately Pineroish and unsuccessful throwback, *Easy Virtue*, 1925), Coward's plays give us little or no stage illusion of the thickness of life – so much more vital in his kind of comedy or the Ben Travers type of farce than in Shavian morality.

What on earth, you wonder, as your eye flickers up and down the page – like Maugham's, Coward's plays make wonderfully easy reading – what on earth is all this *about*? Flirtation, boredom, vestigial sex (cocktail sex, sex-in-the-head, sex triangulated or quadrupled), nagging, rowing (no one can build up a stage row as brilliantly as Coward), puppy-love, calf-love, youth's crush on middle age, middle age's disillusion with youth – these themes form the staple waste land of his comedies. When he is at his most serious he is most inconsequent. What, for example, are we to make of *The Vortex*? What is Florence's motivation – or Nicky's? The play abounds in 'theatrical' lines, lines which are really meaningless but which sound immensely effective within the strict unliterary, unthinking conventions of the classic West End theatre. (The perfect example is the famous exchange between Paula and Aubrey in Act IV of *The Second Mrs Tanqueray*:

> AUBREY: We'll make our calculations solely for the future, talk about the future, think about the future.
>
> PAULA: I believe the future is only the past again, entered through another gate.)

Personally I am an ardent collector of these exquisite and banal profundities and *The Vortex* is full of them:

> NICKY: It's funny how Mother's generation always longed to be old when they were young, and we strain every nerve to keep young.
>
> BUNTY: That's because we see what is coming so much more clearly.

Or, in that famous mother-and-son last scene which changed Lilian Braithwaite's life as an actress:

> FLORENCE (*Staring in front of her*): I wish I were dead!
>
> NICKY: It doesn't matter about death, but it matters terribly about life.
>
> FLORENCE: I know –

Coward is the grand master of verbal triviality. He has never been one to turn the cliché inside out; his art consists rather in piling cliché on cliché until the total banal effect makes its comic impact. 'The Use of Topography in the Metasomatic Wit of Noël Coward' would make a first-class American university English thesis *e.g.*, 'Very flat – Norfolk'; 'You can see as far as Marlow on a clear day, so they tell me'; 'She went to Brighton with the worst intentions but never got further than Haywards Heath', etc. I sometimes think he will live longest in literature as a grubbing-ground for the scholiasts of AD 2558 and be published in the form of gobbets, learnedly annotated like a Loeb edition. Lines such as 'I think Rajahs bumble up a house-party so terribly' will be mauled over as fiercely as a fragment of Menander.

Yet at his best, and on his own entirely theatrical terms, Coward is a supreme entertainer. *Hay Fever* and *Private Lives*, *Hands Across the Sea* and *Present Laughter* – these contain his moments of purest comedy; its quintessence is to be found on the Las Vegas long-player and many of the other tunes he has written over the past thirty years: *Poor Uncle Harry* (missionaries), *I Wonder What Happened to Him* (the Raj), *Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage, Mrs Worthington* and that splendid number which, very pompously, he appears to have withdrawn at the time of the 1945 Election – *Imagine the Duchess's Feelings, When Her Youngest Son Went Red!* My own favourite – because it subsumes in some 30 lines a whole branch of English fiction and even life itself – is the one about how, in the bar of the Piccolo Marina, Life Came to Mrs Wentworth-Brewster and how she was never the same woman again.

In *Future Indefinite*, the second instalment of his autobiography, Coward tells how Sir Campbell Stuart sent for him on the eve of war to discuss his propaganda work and how Robert Boothby suggested that they should motor to London together and stop at Chartwell for dinner, to get the great man's advice:

> . . . It was, on the whole, an unsuccessful little interview. I was aware throughout that he was misunderstanding my motives and had got it firmly into his mind that I wished to be a glamorous secret service agent. I tried vainly to disabuse him of this by assuring him that nothing was further from my thoughts, and that even if my heart were set on such a course, the very fact of my celebrity value would prove an

* *Play Parade: Collected Plays of Noël Coward.* Volume 5. *Heinemann.* 25s

insuperable obstacle. I emphasised repeatedly my firm conviction that my brain and creative intelligence could be of more service to the Government than my theatrical ability. I think the word 'intelligence' must have been the monkey wrench, because at the mere mention of it he said irascibly, 'You'd be no good in the intelligence service' . . . . Finally, warming to his subject, he waved his hand with a bravura gesture and said dramatically: 'Get into a warship and see some action! Go and sing to them when the guns are firing – that's your job!' With, I think, commendable restraint, I bit back the retort that if the morale of the Royal Navy was at such a low ebb that the troops were unable to go into action without my singing 'Mad Dogs and Englishmen' to them, we were in trouble at the outset . . . I saw Mr Churchill's point clearly. In his view I was primarily an entertainer, a singer of gay songs, and that, come rain or shine, peace or war, victory or bloody chaos, that was what I should remain. . . .

Here, Sir Winston showed a bullying wisdom.

The precocious child-actor, the 'decadent' young playwright of the Twenties garbed in outrageous dressing gowns, the uncrowned King of the Ivy, the clipped-spoken Mountbattenised Captain Coward RN of the wartime film units, the strident anti-intellectual of *'Peace in our Time'* and *Nude with a Violin* – the wry, quizzical, romantic, patriotic masks which he has worn and tossed aside over the years have been innumerable. Today the man behind the mask who boasted in his play *Present Laughter* that 'I belong to my public and to my work' seems to have become increasingly divorced from both, drifting further and further away from us like the floating orchestra platform in the Marx Brothers' film. Some twenty years ago he wrote in *Present Indicative*:

> I am neither stupid nor scared, and my sense of my own importance to the world is relatively small. On the other hand, my sense of my own importance to myself is tremendous. I am all I have, to work with, to play with, to suffer and to enjoy. It is not the eyes of others that I am wary of, but my own. I do not intend to let myself down more than I can possibly help, and I find the less illusions that I have about myself or the world around me, the better company I am for myself.

The solipsism of success has never been expressed with such appalling truthfulness.

JOHN RAYMOND

A Polished Performance

Citizens of the polished capital
  Sigh for the towns up country,
And their innocent simplicity.

People in the towns up country
  Applaud the unpolished innocence
Of distant villages.

Dwellers in the distant villages
  Speak of a simple unspoilt girl,
Living alone, deep in the bush.

Deep in the bush we found her,
  Large and innocent of eye,
Among gentle gibbons and mountain ferns.

Perfect for the part, perfect,
  Except for the dropsy
Which comes from polished rice.

In the capital our film is much admired,
  Its gentle gibbons and mountain ferns,
Unspoilt, unpolished, large and innocent of eye.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Of Cats

A heart constituted wholly of cats
(Even as the family nose derives)
From father and mother a child inherits,
So every cat gets fully nine lives.

Wildest cats, with scruff cats, queenly cats
(Crowned), they jig to violins; they go stately
Where a torched pageantry celebrates
A burial, or crowning (of a cat); or sing sweetly

At your ears and in harmony left with right
Till the moon bemoods: to the new, to the full,
Only look up: possessing night —
Cattic Bacchanal! A world of wild lamps and wauling,
A world gone to the cats, every cat of the heart out,
And darkness and light a cat upon a cat — .
They have outwitted our nimblest wits:
One who, one night, sank a cat in a sack

With a stone to the canal-bottom
(Under the bridge, in the very belly of the black)
And hurried a mile home
Found that cat on the doorstep waiting for him.

So are we all held in utter mock by the cats.

TED HUGHES

Fishermen

God over the blue lakes,
Be with the dawn-bound sailors
Of boats, and fishermen who
Nourish the villages
That line the shore, and which
Tender their growth that gleams like
A rainbow-tinctured wave
At the hour of dusk.

And be a shield for them
When storms wax from the north
And trembling for the hut
And dinghy and net crushes
The spirit that is cut
And lost through every gale
Raging up to the land.

And as it wanes, seeing
Their faces, envelop them
With a restrained wisdom.
And while their now tired evening
Kindles stars in the lake
Witness how, later on,
That night holding its breath
Quiet in the dark sluices waits
For those to be born in the first light.

DAVID ROKEAH

(English version of the Hebrew original by JON SILKIN)

The Dumb Colossus

Kitchener: Portrait of an Imperialist. By PHILIP MAGNUS. *Murray.* 30*s.*

Sir Philip Magnus has written a biographical masterpiece, but it can give little pleasure to the Kitchener family, to whom he confesses himself deeply indebted. In the course of 380 superbly documented pages, every particle of the great general's reputation is mercilessly ground to powder, and the cumulative effect is all the more appalling in that Sir Philip virtually refrains from comment and allows the deadly facts to speak for themselves. With the possible exception of Wellington, no British general has enjoyed, in his own lifetime, anything approaching Kitchener's reputation. This had always seemed to me mysterious. In the light of this new biography, it can only be called a gigantic confidence trick.

How did he do it? In the first place, the age was in his favour. In the second half of the nineteenth century, spectacular colonial acquisitions could be made at negligible cost in lives and money, and the generals got the credit for them. The politicians, with their eyes on future diplomatic complications, were normally opposed to forward policies; but to the soldiers they represented the only hope of promotion and wealth. Hence governments, Conservative and Liberal alike, were dragged into the imperial adventures by professional heroes frantic for glory and publicity. The public – far more imperialist than its leaders – appreciated that it was the soldiers, rather than the traders, who were building the empire. Kitchener was a public hero long before Omdurman because he was known to be the leading advocate of reconquering the Sudan. And once a general became a front-page figure he had the politicians at his mercy. Over a period of twenty years, successive Cabinets spent a great deal of their time devising commands sufficiently grandiose to tempt Kitchener to accept them. Both Balfour's and Asquith's governments were in repeated peril at the threat of his resignation.

Kitchener exploited his natural advantages ruthlessly. Through his father and his friends, all energetic club lobbyists, he obtained constant mention in the Press. His good looks and growing reputation got him a foothold, which he assiduously extended, in the great Tory houses, and through the medium of private correspondence – chiefly with Salisbury's daughter-in-law – he was able to put his views directly to the Cabinet (he did not scruple to send copies of secret operational plans and memoranda to Tory hostesses). Politicians who had to work closely with him grew to distrust him intensely; but in general he made a good impression in political circles for one simple, and characteristically Victorian, reason: he was economical. By using forced African labour, by cutting down medical supplies, and by employing mainly bachelor officers he fought his campaigns on a shoestring: the re-conquest of the Sudan cost the exchequer a mere £800,000.

As a field commander of small formations, where he could personally control all units, Kitchener was excellent. At Omdurman, he rode furiously all over the field, giving orders direct to battalion commanders. But anything larger was beyond him, for he could not grasp the principle of a chain of command and he had no knowledge of staff work. He hated anything written on paper, believing that all essential details could be carried in his head. When he arrived in Delhi to take over the India command, he instructed his ADCs to pound all files into *papier-mâché*, which he used as the raw material for a new ornate ceiling in his house.

The Oxford Book of

IRISH VERSE

XVIIth CENTURY—XXth CENTURY

CHOSEN BY

DONAGH MACDONAGH & LENNOX ROBINSON

A balanced selection ranging from Luke Wadding through Swift, Goldsmith, James Clarence Mangan, Æ, and Yeats to the younger poets now being published. Poetry in Irish is represented by translations. 21s. *net*

The World Today

In THE WORLD TODAY, a monthly review issued by Chatham House, experts bring to the general reader up-to-date reliable information on current world problems. Factual and objective, THE WORLD TODAY also focuses on internal political and economic conditions abroad.
Monthly 2s. 6d. *Annual subscription* 30s. *(including postage)*

COPIES ON SALE AT HUGH REES LTD, 47 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1
SUBSCRIBE through your newsagent or bookseller, or send orders to the publishers: Oxford University Press, Amen House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

SURVEY OF BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AFFAIRS

Problems of Wartime Co-operation and Post-War Change 1939-1952

Nicholas Mansergh

'. . . admirable and timely . . . . a deep impression both of the strength of the Commonwealth and of its flexibility. It also helps one to see the present problems in their historical setting . . .' DAILY TELEGRAPH *(Chatham House)* 63s. *net*

COLOUR IN BRITAIN

James Wickenden

This little book from the new Institute of Race Relations fills the immediate need for a summary of what actually happened in Nottingham and North Kensington, and gives a background account of the general situation.
Paper covers 2s. 6d. *net*

THE BOARD OF TRADE & THE FREE TRADE MOVEMENT 1830-42

LUCY BROWN

Discussing the work of the officials of the Board of Trade during this period, the book concentrates on three main topics: the impossibility of carrying through free-trade legislation in the eighteen-thirties; the Board's handling of trade information, advice on commercial treaties, and precise tariff recommendations; the importance of its views in shaping Parliamentary and public opinion. 30s. *net*

KANT'S CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON

T. D. WELDON

The second edition expands and largely rewrites Parts II and III of the first edition, which deal with the *Critique* itself and not with its historical antecedents; this is primarily to show the connexion between Kant's pioneer work towards a philosophy of science in the modern sense and the contributions of some contemporary writers. 35s. *net*

A HISTORY OF HONG KONG

G. B. ENDACOTT

This book tells the story of Hong Kong from the first British naval settlement after the Convention of 1841 down to the present post-war period. It is based largely on Colonial Office and Government sources.
Illustrated 30s. *net*

DEMOCRACY IN FRANCE

THE THIRD AND FOURTH REPUBLICS

DAVID THOMSON

In this new edition Chapter VI, 'The Fourth Republic', is replaced by two chapters: one dealing with the legacy of the Vichy and Provisional Governments, the other with the trends of events during the first decade of the Fourth Republic. The bibliography has been brought up to date and other minor revisions made. *Third edition (Chatham House)* 18s. *net*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

MEDIEVAL ENGLAND

A NEW EDITION, REWRITTEN AND REVISED

EDITED BY AUSTIN LANE POOLE

Though the original plan of this work has been retained, it is now really a new book, with additional chapters discussing aspects of history not previously included. Illustrations are an important feature—there are 140 half-tone plates and 107 text-figures. *Two volumes* 70s. *net*

THE SHAPING VISION OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

ALAN HEUSER

In this original study Mr Heuser shows how the poet's mind from the beginning worked on certain favourite ideas, developing them and constructing his poems in accordance with them, so that they shaped a consistent vision. 15s. *net*

The Memoirs of Eleanor Farjeon

Book I: Edward Thomas—The Last Four Years

'. . . of great interest to all those who care about Thomas. . . . While Miss Farjeon's plan concentrates this portion of her memoirs on one person . . . now and again the narrative introduces other characters, famous and little known, and Miss Farjeon can, in a very few sentences indeed, make them come to life. Her pen pictures are brilliant, and that is true also of the way she recalls the whole of that age.' THE TIMES 25s. *net*

THE POEMS OF JONATHAN SWIFT

EDITED BY SIR HAROLD WILLIAMS

An earlier reviewer of the first edition (1938) averred that 'no finer piece of scholarship of its kind has been produced in England during the present century.' The discovery of two important manuscripts in Swift's hand, and the appearance of several notable contemporary transcripts, presents the opportunity for a substantial measure of critical and helpful revision. *Second edition Three volumes Illustrated* £5. 5s. *net*

HELEN IN EGYPT and other Plays

JOHN HEATH-STUBBS

The first full-length romantic verse comedy by Mr Heath-Stubbs, to which he has added *The Harrowing of Hell*, and *The Talking Ass;* he also includes an introduction on contemporary poetic drama. 12s. 6d. *net*

By the time of the Boer war, when he was commanding large formations, and fighting white troops with a roughly equivalent fire-power, his faults had begun to catch up with him. He lost the battle of Paardeberg by trying to repeat his galloping exploits at Omdurman. His defects finally came home to roost in 1914 when he was made Secretary of State and placed in charge of the operational conduct of the war. He refused to use the General Staff – which already existed in rudimentary form – and tried to take over direct command of BEF when Sir John French got in a muddle. He did not know how to draw up a plan, and his orders to Hamilton for the Dardanelles expedition consisted of six vague paragraphs; hence, as the inquiry later made clear, he was the principal architect of the disaster.

Even more serious was his chronic indecision. As early as 1896, he astonished Cromer by asking his views on how to conduct the Sudan campaign. He was baffled by the far more drastic alternatives of the Great War, and the indecisiveness for which Asquith was later blamed and overthrown can be traced to the habits ingrained in the War Committee by Kitchener. By this time, of course, the politicians were getting wise to him. They recognised he had certain flashes of insight: he alone prophesied, for instance, that the war would last for years and that millions of men would have to be raised. But they grew increasingly alarmed by his inability to take decisions or to supply them with the information on which they could take them for him. Lloyd George described him as 'one of those revolving lighthouses which radiate momentary gleams of revealing light far out into the surrounding gloom, and then suddenly relapse into complete darkness'. In Cabinet, totally unable to put his thoughts into words, he remained dumb, glaring furiously at the baffled politicians. As 1915 progressed, Asquith became convinced that Kitchener was losing the war, but he dared not dismiss him for fear of public opinion; instead, he gradually stripped him of his responsibilities, and sent him off on futile tours of the war zones – anything to get him out of Whitehall. His death on the *Hampshire* brought merciful release.

Kitchener had no personal qualities to offset his professional inadequacy. His father mercilessly beat his children and encouraged them to do the same: Kitchener's mother once found him crucified by croquet hoops in the blazing sun. As a result, Kitchener had a cruel streak throughout his life. He was often kind to ADCs, particularly if they were good looking, but he treated his men with contempt and indifference. The Army, officers and men alike, loathed him. A ruthless snob, he made no bones about preferring the company of Tory aristocrats, with Oriental millionaires as a *pis aller*. He was not even honest. In every campaign he looted unmercifully (in South Africa he stole a number of life-size municipal statues for his private park. He exploited his personal position to browbeat the Governor of Kenya into giving him an excessive slice of free land and paying for its operating costs. When famous cities presented him with their freedoms in ornate caskets, he rudely retorted: 'I need gold plate'.

Unlike most phoney heroes, Kitchener was caught out in his own lifetime. Throughout the Victorian age, the generals had been steadily increasing their power at the expense of Parliament, and it took the blood bath of the Great War to expose them for the hollow idols they were. Kitchener, the greatest of them, was the first to go; his accidental death made it far easier for Lloyd George to smash or neutralise the rest, and so restore the constitutional power of the Cabinet. Since then, we have had little trouble from our generals. Montgomery's memoirs reveal that cold egotism is still their hallmark; but at least they are now required to possess a minimum professional competence.

PAUL JOHNSON

The London Shakespeare

Edited by JOHN MUNRO

'The purest text that a fine intelligence with remarkably few prejudices or eccentricities could deduce from the latest Shakespearean studies. This is a handsome and valuable edition, offering a good deal more than any other published at a comparable price.'
THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

'A text studied in the light of the best and most recent critical judgement. Munro's references alone constitute a most important and valuable feature of his edition.'
Peter Alexander, GLASGOW HERALD

'A handsome set of volumes, at a very reasonable price, offering a scholarly text which is a pleasure to read. The introductions to individual plays give a reliable summary of present-day scholarly opinion. The work of a scholar of genuine learning and sober judgement.' *J. C. Maxwell*, THE SPECTATOR

'A handsome new Shakespeare, each volume almost as easily held in the hand as the latest novel and the print sparklingly clear. J. J. Munro's edition amounts to a complete recension of the text, the first to take into full account the relative vindications which the early texts have recently received from British and American research.'
THE TIMES EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT

(6 volumes, 7 gns. per set)

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

What Happened to Ginger?

Borstal Boy. By BRENDAN BEHAN. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

Now I get drunk as easy as a hungry man and should have known better than to go out with Brendan Behan:

O, Mary Maloney's beautiful arse,
Is my sweet white apple of sin—

he sang, knee deep in the 1953 snow, stripped to the waist, at 2 a.m., slap in the middle of Place S. Germain, with six snotty-nosed policemen half-circled around us, fingering their nightsticks (for in those days Soustelle was usefully bolted inside the Musée de l'Homme and *le* Grand Charles down on his none too humble knees in Artois). And before the police decided against taking us in, Behan had packed a mess of snow around my aching head and said: 'We've not a blind penny of UNESCO'S money left. Let's go and knock Beckett up.' But I didn't have the impudence.

That was a private affair; its relevance to this book is exact. At sixteen years Behan was trapped in a cheap Liverpudlian lodging by the English police; in his suitcase, a terrorist's outfit: gelignite, detonators, the lot . . . Tried, he was sentenced to three years' Borstal Detention, served his time, was deported, 'walked down the gangway, past a detective, and got on the train for Dublin.' His book describes the three years ('36-'39) in Borstal. It is written without great literary cunning; it is less bawdy than has been rumoured (why spell f . . . in so many ways?); slips occasionally into mawkish patriotism; is not quite as funny as the author imagines, and without doubt is the most important book of its kind to be published this century.

Gaol novels are a dime a dozen. Every dough-faced, balding, bad-toothed lag shuffles out of his cell into the offices of the *People* hoping to sell his 'story'. But for the most part prisons are dull places and convicts without more ambition than grocers. What's more, having put some hard times behind us and anticipating worse to come, we demand more than a stiff lagging as the trial of a man or a boy. So far have we gone that a writer who requests our attention for this or that blemished upbringing and who has not been goaled, raped, beaten, tortured, censored, aborted, found generally wanting and starved to boot, excites not sympathy but suspicion.

It is Brendan Behan's gift to be a harder and more tenderly sensitive man than those who punished him. Outraged, he swallows the treatment whole, changes it, and gives back to us a sort of unique richness that says: See, you have done this and this, and for once you have failed. Defeating you, I have done you a service. Is it not better than your success?

This attitude is implicit throughout his book. Borstal comes out of it very well. Rather too well, perhaps. In the same way as, the next morning, when my head had cleared, I felt that the French police (whom I know full well to be vicious and self-righteous) were maybe not such bad fellows after all. Behan has blessed the lot of us with a generosity of perception and comprehension that astounds. Entombed in an 'eight by six', quite miserably alone, he settles down to a 'good read' of the prison rules: washing his slops out he makes a friend and carries away some chewing gum and an old issue of the *News of the World*: he makes these items as attractive as Chaucer and an ortolan. But in gaol or out he does not think of himself as a free man, nor, knocked flat (or the nearest thing possible to it with such a man), did he develop a taste for prostration. This, for us, is difficult to grasp. We are so rotten with negative values, reminding ourselves about the man who didn't get bitter, or the woman who hasn't a chip on her shoulder, or the child who swallowed his mother-loving down without murmuring, as if simply to avoid these things was virtuous.

Irish writers have a knack of making a true mountain from their damp devoted molehill. Nobody except the Irish really gives a damn whether there are six counties or seven, if Partition continues or not, but, by George, we all know about it. Contrariwise, British writers, pinned down with evil colonial policies, eating their share of murder and violence every lunchtime, say not one dicky-bird about these things that trouble masses. Fortunately a literary right often settles a literary wrong. Pasternak and Dudintsev quash Ehrenburg and Zdhanov. *Borstal Boy*, plus the *Ginger Man* and one or two or more books to come, will settle once for all the yappity provincial sniggerers we had half accepted as the literates of our generation.

There is a famous cartoon about Ireland. Up a hill, in dreary rain, a legless derelict, in either hand a flat-iron, pushes a small truck – such as children use for coloured bricks. Leading the truck is a blind cretin with a halter the end of

which is grasped by a humpbacked girl who squats on the shoulders of the legless man. She is peering ahead. Beside the trio is a signpost that reads: LOURDES 3,000 M. Only one thing is missing, something of the spirit Behan embodies. An obstreperous sexy King going along the same road, but not for the waters. He could have two friends as well, as in *Borstal Boy*, Ginger and Charlie by name.

You come out of it very well, Brendan; but what happened to Ginger?

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

New Novels

Mountolive. By LAWRENCE DURRELL. *Faber.* 16*s.*

Clotilde. By CÉCILE SAINT LAURENT. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s.*

Sidonie. By ALFHONSE DAUDET. Translated by CHARLOTTE HALDANE. *Blond.* 18*s.*

Nicholas Crabbe. By FR. ROLFE. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

The novel is so compendious a form of art that it would be harsh and even absurd to suggest that anyone who writes a continuous prose fiction of over, say, 50,000 words is not a novelist. Yet it remains hard to describe Mr Lawrence Durrell, whose books are so beautiful in surface and so uncertain below it. This is the third of the tetralogy which opened with *Justine* and *Balthazar*; I don't think it unfair to say that without knowledge of the other two, *Mountolive* must seem difficult and over-allusive.

This book launches out into a choppy sea of Egyptian politics. When the story begins David Mountolive is having a delicious youthful love-affair with the lovely, middle-aged Leila Hosnani, a Copt, whose husband is a chronic invalid. She has two sons, faultless Nessim, hare-lipped Narouz. David is a career diplomat. In his own middle age he returns to Alexandria as British Ambassador, to find Leila hiding away from him, and her sons up to their necks in conspiracy. About the perimeter of this story of a not very interesting man, the more interesting figures of Justine, Cléa and the mysterious Pursewarden gleam and allure; yet one reads on less for any of them than for the glittering, elaborate, lyric beauty of the style. This is a lyric poet's novel, with all the advantages of being so and all the pitfalls. The poet in Mr Durrell cannot resist the irrelevant; there is a scene in the British Embassy in Moscow, on a snowy day, which has little purpose but to describe, exquisitely, Moscow under snow. It delights the visual senses while it lowers the whole tension of the book at a point where some degree of tension is sorely needed. The novel sequence up to now has seemed to me not much more than an Egyptian Nights Entertainment. This may be because Mr Durrell's private vision is such that it is hard for him to find (or even impossible to try to find) a moral and intellectual centre. No amount of talk about relativity will compensate for the lack of it. There was nothing in the middle of Peer Gynt's onion, but nothingness in itself then became of the highest significance, expressing the morality of the entire work. Mr Durrell's sequence is an entrancing, odorous maze without a centre.

If you can imagine Lanny Budd turned into a young, bedhopping female, you will get a very good idea of what *Clotilde* is like. It is about a very pretty tootsy from a French village swept away from her home in 1940 by the chaos of war, who finds her way into the intrigues of Laval's Vichy and later into the Resistance movement. Like

UNWIN

With My Back to the East
BERNARD LLEWELLYN
A graphic account of his leisurely journey from Korea to England, treading the ancient pilgrim routes and photographing the ruins of forgotten cities. By the author of *I Left My Roots in China* and *From the Back Streets of Bengal.*
Illustrated. 21*s.*

Islam and the Arabs
ROM LANDAU
Covers all the important aspects of Islamic history and culture. Provides a solid background knowledge for the understanding of the Middle East today. 30*s.*

Indian Administration
ASOK CHANDA
A constructive study in the organization of a welfare state. The author is the Comptroller and Auditor General of India. 25*s.*

Colonial Planning
BARBU NICULESCO
A comparative study of development in the colonies of Britain, France, Belgium and the Netherlands. 18*s.*

The Effects of Mergers
P. LESLEY COOKE and RUTH COHEN
Examines the history of six industries (cement, calico printing, soap, flat glass, motor cars and brewing) with a view to showing the effect of concentration on development.
Cambridge Studies in Industry 42*s.*

Economic Theory and Western European Integration
TIBOR SCITOVSKY
"As stimulating in the avenues it opens up as in the ground it covers, this clearly written book should occupy an important place in the literature of European integration."—*The Economist.* 16*s.*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

CONSTABLE

Strangers When we Meet
EVAN HUNTER
A Novel of Infidelity—by the author of *The Blackboard Jungle.* 18*s.*

The Care of Devils
SYLVIA PRESS
The horrifying story of a U.S. Intelligence Service enquiry, in which a trusted Government employee suddenly becomes a figure of suspicion. A novel based on fact. 15*s.*

¶
Theresa's Choice
Rachel Cecil's first novel, which was a runaway seller, is now available again. *2nd. imp.* 18*s.*

Invitation to the Voyage
LESLIE KATZ
'The short, Happy History of a First Trip to Europe.' "He has the great gift of being able to write about it articulately. A gay, witty and humourous book.' (*Scotsman*). 16*s.*

Scandal and Parade
NEAL OXENHANDLER
A study of the Theatre of Jean Cocteau, embracing all his major plays, certain of the minor ones, and a selection of his films. 21*s.*

¶
Some People
A new edition of Harold Nicolson's famous book. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Lanny, she meets everybody who is anybody – Laval, Darlan, Pétain, de Gaulle; and in the middle of her rather perfunctory political chores, manages to have a high old time with the men. Lanny Budd and Amber: it should be, one feels, a combination of some strength. Yet how tired one gets of feather-headed, fornicating heroines, especially if they are presented as fundamentally amiable! Their very amiability makes them dull. Without any strong motivation for their goings-on, whether romantic or financial, they do tend to slide down to the level of those delinquents who give so much trouble to their probation officers. Mr Humphrey Hare's smooth and expert translation is wasted on *Clotilde*.

Sidonie is another tootsy, but this time of 1874, when her story first appeared, and she proves my point, I think, about *Clotilde*. Her motivation for her own behaviour is perfectly clear: she is bored with her elderly husband and after better game. She is a horrid little girl who is really rather interesting. She has heaved herself out of a dreary working-class life and married the head of a firm of wallpaper manufacturers. New to rich bourgeois society, she is passionately set on social climbing; like Proust's Odette she starts by getting things wrong, but unlike Odette, never learns to get them right. She is a mass of petty resentments; when she embarks on an affair with her husband's young partner, she does so less out of passion than out of a desire to spite his wife whom she imagines has snubbed her. When disaster comes upon her and she is turned out of her home, she has still a shot in her locker; she is going to make a sucess in a new life. She is going 'on the Halls', and though she can't sing, though she hasn't a shred of talent, she means to bounce her way to the top. One leaves her convinced that somehow, against all the odds, she will.

THE HOGARTH PRESS

SANSOM

THE CAUTIOUS HEART

Hailed in America as 'Sansom's most successful novel'

Book Society Recommendation

13s 6d net

THE LETTERS OF RILKE *and* Princess Marie Von Thurn und Taxis

Translated and Introduced by NORA WYDENBRUCK *30s net*

GILES ST AUBYN

The Art of Argument

A stimulating and challenging exposition of the value of clear thinking.

9s 6d net

CHRISTOPHERS

This must have seemed a naughty book to people in the Seventies and I am not sure that their instinct wasn't right. Despite the primness with which Sidonie's story is told, the atmosphere is *louche*, and so, irredeemably, is the heroine. Clotilde simply doesn't play in the same league as Sidonie. The book is, in fact, extremely skilled and beautifully balanced between sentiment and anti-romanticism, and the background of plushy life among the bosses of the Marais is entirely fascinating. Mrs Haldane's translation is fluent and sensitive, though it isn't, as the jacket suggests, the first in English. There was one made in 1880.

Admirers of *The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole* will be grateful for this opportunity to read about Nicholas Crabbe in London. Poor Corvo! He was so dreadful, yet one is always, somehow or other, very slightly on his side. This is not a patch on the Venice book, which has perhaps the most beautiful physical descriptions of Venice ever written by anyone and a ridiculous love-story with something of the touchingness of a fairy-tale; but in its scurrility, its wild slanders, its absolute and total involvement, *Nicholas Crabbe* is superbly Corvine. This is Crabbe among those loathed beings, publishers; Crabbe in the drawing-room of Henry Harland, in the offices of John Lane and Grant Richards, Crabbe swindled, Crabbe deceived, Crabbe broke. Anyway, he thought he was swindled, he may have been deceived upon occasion; but broke he certainly was. It is repellent, savage, pathetic and full of wild, fighting life. It could not, of course, have been published before this, since Zildo is not transmogrified into Zilda this time; Crabbe, in this book, loves and loses a beautiful lad who first presents himself in the guise of a telegraph boy. It is all quite open. Corvo was one of those rare people who could write about inversion with some degree of dignity, never making it seem either ridiculous or repulsive; he could do it, probably, because he lacked detachment so completely. Lack of it was a strength to him; involvement of his whole nature gave him his curious force. However absurd, distorted, repugnant his vision was, he did tell the truth as he saw it. *Nicholas Crabbe*, however (the subtitle, essentially Corvine, is 'The One and the Many') suffers far worse from being the undiluted expression of a grudge than does *The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole*, which has at least a lyric joy in place and weathers. This is a curiosity, and nothing much more.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

A Brazilian Diamond

The Diary of 'Helena Morley'. Translated by ELIZABETH BISHOP. *Gollancz.* 18*s*.

There is a body of Anglo-Brazilian writing which is valued by collectors and historians like Gilberto Freire but which, outside of Bates on the Amazon, is little known beyond Brazil. 'Helena Morley's' diary is a relatively new find in this curious field. Written in Portuguese in the Nineties of the last century, it was published in Rio in 1942 and now appears in a good American translation. It is the diary of a thirteen-year-old girl of mixed English and Portuguese stock, and it describes two or three years of her home life in the remote town of Diamantina, a poor mining place going downhill, in the province of Minas Gerais. Georges Bernanos was right in describing it as a work of natural genius. It is a true diamond from the diamond country. The authoress – now an old lady – has written nothing else. She writes a clear, terse, sparkling and sternly egotistical account of a childhood that was cut off from all the advantages we think necessary to children; and it once more persuades one of the enormous advantage that a circumscribed though complete environment has for an original mind. The originality of 'Helena Morley' owes something to her mixed blood; her power to record springs, to some extent, from her superiority complex. She is a touchy, bossy, self-centred, pushing, self-willed little girl, good at cadging and cheating, ravenously hungry, self-righteous, emotional and yet with her head screwed on the right way, and with a satisfactory power of introspection – satisfactory, I mean, to herself. I was not surprised to see that Sir Harold Nicolson, who has lately been telling us how ungentlemanly or unladylike our men and women of genius are, was shocked by this young girl. His attention to manners is making him censorious of the springs of nature. 'Helena Morley' seems to me like any little girl one has ever seen or heard of: remorseless.

Here is one of many small incomparable episodes. The child has eaten – as usual – too much fruit and is in agony. This is not precisely due to greed; in Diamantina there was no safe water supply and, in the hot season, hardly any water at all; the whole population of diamond prospectors and Negroes were parched. Grandma arrives with the castor oil but cannot make the girl take it.

> When Grandma saw she couldn't make me take it that way she said 'Take it child, for the love of God, and I'll give you the material for a dress and you can pick it out for yourself'. I said, 'No grandma. It's impossible!'. Grandma shouted 'Zé-Pedro! Run to Moto's quick, and tell them to send me samples of the prettiest dress-goods they have!'. Zé-Pedro ran off and grandma kept saying, 'Drink it daughter. The cloth for the dress is on the way'. At that point Iaia said, 'Why don't we grab hold of her and hold her nose and pour the oil down her throat?' I howled, 'Just you try'. Grandma said 'No. Nobody's going to do that. She's an intelligent girl and she knows she's not going to get better unless she takes physic'. Zé-Pedro came back with the samples and, not being able to choose because of the pain, I pointed at any one at all. When the dress was chosen, I said 'Now go and get me some medicine that's easier to take, too'. Grandma agreed. 'That's a good idea. We have some salts. Hurry up Chiquinha, go and mix some in water and bring it here.' Dindinha brought the salts and I said to Grandma, 'Now I'm going to wait for the dress first'. She said 'It's on the way, child, drink it up'.
>
> Zé-Pedro came in with the material, I took the cup and swallowed the salts in one gulp.
>
> Iaia and Dindinha turned their backs, saying 'Pretty clever'.

The personal comedy, so direct in observation, is only one aspect of the book. In passages of a few hundred words she gives a day-to-day account of the squabbling daily life of a small, backward, hungry, provincial town which is still in the middle of Negro emancipation. There are no roads; the place is a collection of shacks. There is little food, little water, little sanitation, almost no literacy. The place is lit by candles which are made by the inhabitants. There are few clocks. Helena's mother gets the miners to tell her the time, for, by glancing at the sun, they could tell it exactly. She herself judges by her children's hunger, or the crowing of their cockerel. Father comes home with news of a lucky diamond field, but mother prays to Saint Anthony, who is unfavourable, so they give up the new mine and lose a lot of money. The local philosophy is simple: life is hard, happiness is scarce; you are what Nature made you. The rational child argues for cutting down the prayers for the dead, who have died too long ago

to be affected by them, and sees through the posturing of a cousin who goes in for being 'too sad' about Jesus at convenient moments. Babies roll into anthills, there are intrigues with chicken stealers, remedies for pimples, colour troubles – the older women like the colour bar – and pathetic tales about the wild hopes and miseries of diamond hunting.

It is all a picture of the ups and downs of shack life in a new, lazy and confused country. One has read dozens of books of reminiscence about this sort of thing in which the writer remembers with facetious advantage. But this is a record made on the day, clear, sharp and magically true to the hour it describes. At the age of thirteen, 'Helena Morley' had not been crushed by education and literature. She wrote as an unconscious poet. She caught the extraordinary people of this mixed-up town as they came up the road. She did the ironing or went to wash clothes by the stream or played with the baby, showed off about arithmetic and wrote down that brief and unique period of life when we do really live in the heat of the moment. And there is nothing falsely naive in what she writes; nor anything arch. This child wished to be a vulture flying high, coming down low: it is, from a writer's point of view, the best possible wish. To write one good book and no bad ones – what luck!

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Great Moral Poet

Pope and Human Nature. By GEOFFREY TILLOTSON. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

Twenty years ago, Professor Tillotson published a shorter and more technical book than this, *On the Poetry of Pope*. It was about Pope's art in verse, and I came to it, oddly, straight from the high-pitched inept titterings of Lytton Strachey's Leslie Stephen lecture on Pope. For Strachey, Pope was a malignant monkey spooning hot lead over unsuspecting passers-by; and his art in verse was a knack of mechanical antithesis. That fine early study put Strachey, as it put Arnold, firmly in place, but in this new and more ranging book Professor Tillotson has taken on a harder task. We have done, certainly, with Strachey's malignant monkey; but we may still find it a little hard – and that is the direction of Professor Tillotson's persuasiveness – to see Pope, as Byron saw him, as 'the great moral poet of mankind'.

Mankind, the basic sanity and the incidental folly and weakness of human nature, was Pope's subject. He is a cosmic, one might almost say a totalitarian, optimist: the last great English poet writing in the tradition of the Great Chain of Being. And his optimism is the hardest thing in him for us to take; does anybody today really believe that the universe is perfectly contrived, and that everything in it happens for the best, but that we, as limited creatures, cannot see it? If anybody does, he is a mystic; Pope was a confident and at times rather shallow rationalist. Again, Pope not only believed with candid simplicity in such virtues as benevolence, filial piety, loyal friendship, gratitude, disinterested public spirit, but was firmly ready to claim that he himself practised them:

> *Friend:* You're strangely proud.
> *Pope:* So proud, I am no slave:
> So impudent, I own myself no knave:
> So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
> Yes, I am proud: I must be proud to see
> Men not afraid of God afraid of me. . . .

Sir Harold Nicolson, I notice, finds these moving lines 'cruel': today we are frank about our weaknesses, but shy about our virtues, and about such power as we think we have to do good. And though many of us may, like Pope, think organised stupidity and pretentiousness a danger to the state, few of us ever dare to say so; it would be 'undemocratic'.

Professor Tillotson's book is full of phrases of a rich aptness:

> His lines are sometimes full as a closed fan or tweezer-case is full. We pause and open them, confident that their contents are bright and clear. The process is like that of undoing a knot, when we know we can manage it.

It is full, also of a fine confidence, as when after quoting the great passage beginning,

> Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
> A being darkly wise, and rudely great . . ,

Professor Tillotson rightly claims that it is better than Hamlet's 'What a piece of work is man!' (And it is, as I have suggested, in the same tradition: the necessary perfection of God's handiwork, man the properly scaled creature in his proper place, and yet the high pathos and dignifying irony of the fact that he finds the place anything but comfortable!) One could quote much from this book, but I shall content myself with a passage, which will be quite new to most readers, in which Pope seems to be objecting, prophetically, to the more extreme developments of the method of *Seven Types of Ambiguity*:

> The Disposition of finding out different Significations in one thing, may be the Effect of either too much, or too little Wit: For Men of a right Understanding generally see at once all that an Author can reasonably mean, but others are apt to fancy Two Meanings for want of knowing One.

G. S. FRASER

Tudor Portraits

The Last Tudor King. By HESTER W. CHAPMAN. *Cape.* 28*s.*

Elizabeth the Great. By ELIZABETH JENKINS. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

In his article on American historical writing in the NEW STATESMAN last month, Mr Arthur Schlesinger raised again that perennial topic, the 'separation between the technical historian and the cultivated public'. 'Serious technical historians,' he wrote, 'tend to recoil from the historical boom, reject the popular audience, and retire to their own specialisations with redoubled zeal.' Meanwhile, the public's apparently insatiable demand is met by a spate of 'popular' historical works, which Professor Schlesinger's 'technical historian' has not read, and would never dream of writing.

No one would pretend that his comments apply exclusively to American conditions. The two books under review, both addressed to his 'cultivated public', are excellent specimens of a type which has become very common in this country. Both are written in the form of historical biography, both are by lady novelists, and both are recommended by the Book Society. Both testify to considerable research in contemporary and secondary sources, and are well documented (though Miss Jenkins seems reluctant to quote page numbers in her footnotes). They are excellently written, they do not desert fact for fancy, and they represent skilful attempts to recapture and communicate the personality of their subjects and the atmosphere of their times. It can be confidently predicted that both will – deservedly

Brendan Behan's Borstal Boy

'a bomb of a book... extremely funny and often deeply affecting ... sparklingly written ... devastatingly honest'

KENNETH ALLSOP, *Daily Mail*

Brendan Behan's Borstal Boy

'excellent... vivid, solid, very warm and full of human observation ...The language of course is frightful'

MAURICE RICHARDSON, *The Observer*

Brendan Behan's Borstal Boy

'a natural writer'

... CYRIL CONNOLLY, *Sunday Times*

(16*s.*)

Very busy selling

The Little Black Book

Cadwallader's and Nudnick's illustrated manual for bachelors on how to sow your wild oats without reaping the grim harvest. Start now. *Reprinting already.* (10*s.* 6*d.*)

Chinese Art

MARIO PRODAN 'writes with a loving and lively pen ... the colour plates and the black and white reproductions are exquisitely beautiful' (30*s.*)

PAMELA FRANKAU, *The Bookman*

BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION

Monday

Glyn Daniel

explores prehistoric collective tombs

THE MEGALITH BUILDERS OF WESTERN EUROPE

Illustrated (18*s.*)

Hutchinson

– be widely read and will enjoy considerable success. It can also be predicted that they will be generally overlooked by 'technical historians', will not be recommended to undergraduates, and will not find their way into college libraries.

There is nothing very surprising in this. There is always bound to be a gap between the needs of the specialist and those of the 'cultivated public', and the more works of *haute vulgarisation* that are produced, the better. The interesting point is that, in this country, the work of *vulgarisation*, with certain distinguished exceptions, is being done not by the professionals but the amateurs. There are many obvious and much-discussed reasons for this, but there is one that perhaps deserves more attention than it has so far received. The public wants, or is believed to want, its history to be served up in the form of biography. Professional historians, unless concerned with a close study of the career of a statesman, seem now to be less happy about biography as a form of historical writing than they were fifty years ago. It is only necessary to look at Miss Chapman's life of Edward VI to see why this should be. The interest of Edward's reign lies in its revolutionary religious and agrarian changes, in its renewal of aristocratic faction and popular discontent. In the centre of it all stands a pathetic boy king, a mere puppet in the hands of his advisers. In so far as he had any impact on events, this was the result not of his character but of the state of his health. Whether or not he was a precocious prig has a certain human interest, but not much historical importance, and it certainly does nothing to illuminate the events of which he was no more than an impotent witness. These are the kind of circumstances in which biography is the least rewarding and most difficult form of approach. Miss Chapman cannot illuminate the history of the reign through studying the personality of the King, and Edward's life was too short, and the materials too scanty, for her to provide the only alternative – an intimate biography which would display Edward in his times. She makes the most of her novelist's insight to explain and interpret with sympathy, but she is too good a historian to allow the novelist to take over, when the evidence is silent. It is a gallant attempt to do an impossible task.

Miss Jenkins, on the other hand, has chosen a theme is which her experience as a novelist can give her the maximum advantage. Elizabeth, unlike Edward, lived a long life, and there is a vast mass of descriptive material on which a biographer can draw. Eschewing a history of the times, or even an account of Elizabeth's political life, Miss Jenkins has concentrated her attention on the queen's personality to produce a fascinating personal portrait which has something of the brilliance of a Hilliard miniature. The queen's taste in flowers and jewels (she loved emeralds), the scents that delighted or displeased her (oil of lavender had to be avoided), her choice of colours for her dresses – trivial details like these are skilfully interwoven with contemporary quotations to create a curiously vivid and haunting image of Elizabeth, at times perhaps over-favourable, but always sparklingly alive.

Miss Jenkins's book shows the artistic possibilities, as well as the artistic limitations, of biography as a vehicle for the popular presentation of history. Taken with Miss Chapman's study, it would suggest that the subject for biography must be significant either as a personality or as a mirror of the times, and that there must be sufficient evidence to paint a detailed portrait. Inevitably this leaves large tracts where a biographical approach cannot profitably be attempted, and it is here that an opportunity awaits the professional historian anxious to appeal to the 'cultivated public'. There are, as various French professional historians have demonstrated, other ways of presenting attractively the history of political, social and intellectual change.

JOHN ELLIOTT

Half-Crown Poets

For a single coin apiece you can buy 31 poems of **John Betjeman,** 53 **Elizabethan Love Lyrics** selected by John Hadfield, 27 of **D. H. Lawrence's Love Poems,** or Raymond Mortimer's skilful winnowing of **Tennyson's** voluminous verse.

The Pocket Poets

John Betjeman
D. H. Lawrence — Tennyson
Elizabethan Love Lyrics

'Pleasantly bound in stiff paperback, extremely well printed on good paper, the little volumes in this new series will surely make the most pleasing of bedside books or travelling companions.' *Sunday Times.*

each 2/6.

EDWARD HULTON

King Street Theory

The British State. By JAMES HARVEY and KATHERINE HOOD. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 18*s.*

A new Marxist study of the British state could be both illuminating and important: the last serious work of this kind was done by Harold Laski in *The State in Theory and Practice* and *Parliamentary Government*, and both these books have been overtaken by the developments of the last 20 years – particularly by the experience of the third Labour government. It could be illuminating because a Marxist approach (I use the term in its broadest sense) offers the most revealing insight into the relations between the system of property and the system of government, and it could be important because it is increasingly evident that the Benthamite-Fabian concept of society is carrying us more towards People's Capitalism than towards Socialism.

This book, however, breaks no new ground: in substance it is a repetition of the case which Mr Palme Dutt and his assistants have been making on and off for three decades. Britain is a monopoly capitalist society. Therefore the state machine, in all its ramifications, is designed to serve the interests of the 'capitalist class'. The Monarchy is a carefully-buttressed obstacle to social change, the House of Lords a reactionary check upon the popular will, the two-party system is a sham, the higher ranks of the armed forces, the civil service, the church and the police are staffed by men drawn from or obedient to 'the monopoly capitalists', and the 'right-wing Labour leaders' are duping the militant workers. To support this thesis the authors have worked hard with scissors and paste, adding new material to the dusty brief taken out of a filing cabinet in King Street – and some of this material, drawn from such sources as *Hansard*, the memoirs of retired politicians and the memoranda of the Labour Research Department, is effective propaganda against the Establishment. But it is selected and marshalled to prove that nothing has really changed since Lenin wrote *State and Revolution*.

This is implicit in the method of the book. Every quotation or example taken from the past ten years is married by inference or analogy to one taken from the Thirties or the Twenties or even earlier. Did George V meddle in politics? Very well, it seems that George VI did so too, and so – though we know little about it – must Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh. Did the army chiefs conspire against Asquith and Lloyd George? Presumably Montgomery is up to the same nefarious tricks. Here is Mr Morrison speaking – how like Ramsay MacDonald he sounds! And so on. In short, though the faces may change, our society remains the same and, by a trick of definition which the authors use to beg every important question, it is bound to remain the same until 'after the working-class has captured state power'.

This, of course, is the orthodox Communist view. It is precisely the same doctrinaire analysis as that put forward by the authors of the article in the Moscow magazine *Kommunist* when they denounced the Yugoslavs for daring to suggest that, possibly, it may no longer correspond to reality. But it is not, as the authors claim, 'the Marxist view'. There is nothing in their book to indicate that they have even stopped to ask whether anything has in fact changed, or whether their woolly and apocalyptic categories can be used to give an accurate description of our society. They have made no effort to assess the changes that follow from the alteration in Britain's economic, imperial and strategic position, or to inquire whether there has been a shift in the balance of class forces; they have not sought to identify new centres of power, or to discuss the quasi-independent role of the bureaucracy – a proposition they would regard as 'un-Marxist' though it was foreseen by Engels; and though I can understand why they disregard the insights of Rosa Luxembourg and Leon Trotsky – as they blandly ignore many facts which do not fit into their neat package of dogma – they seem equally unaware of the work of such contemporary analysts as Wright Mills, Galbraith and Titmuss. Finally, and this may provide a clue to the present sterility of Communist theory, the authors assume that many of the unpleasant characteristics of the British state are the peculiar product of monopoly capitalism and that they will simply disappear after 'the working-class takes power'. This is not the case, as the authors would have to admit if they carefully considered what has happened where the Communists have taken power. Such problems as bureaucracy, the domination of the mass by party oligarchs, the existence of privileged elites and the 'alienation of the worker from the means of production' are functions of mass industrial societies and not merely of one form of society. But to admit this, and to try to formulate a Marxist theory of the state which takes account of it, would be 'revisionism'. That is why this book can pass as Marxist theory only in King Street and points east.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Week-end Competition

No. 1,496 **Set by Lupin**

The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from Palinurus Pooter's *Diary of a Somebody*. Limit, 150 words; entries by 4 November.

Result of No. 1,493 **Set by Stentor**

This is an unquiet age, so we offer the usual prizes for a song in praise of noise. Limit 14 lines.

Report

So let us all, with welkin-ringing yells,
Cry 'Hubbub!' and let slip the decibels–

sang H. A. C. Evans and a cacophony of competitors joined in. In many minds, of course, the bomb suggested the biggest bang of all, while others were grateful for the comforting reassurance of noise:

The world still turns: and all this clatter
Is confirmation of the matter (D. M. Pulsford).

Among the parodists R. A. McKenzie's 'The Loudness Beaters' opened bravely:

There is Sweet Babel here that swell and howls
Like kettles thrown at tom-cats in the grass . . .

as did also P. M.'s 'W. H. Davies junior':

What is this life if full of zest
You may not get things off your chest?

I suggest an award of two guineas to Jeremiah Sowerby; one guinea apiece to Allan M. Laing, D. M. F., Godfrey Bullard and Gloria Prince. A decibel or so behind them came Leslie Johnson, Jean Stubbs, Alberick, Nancy Gunter, D. M. Pulsford, P. M., and R. A. McKenzie.

SONG IN PRAISE OF NOISE

I come from haunts of toot and horn,
My vocal cords were never knotted.
So was it when I first was born,
I shrieked before the doctor swatted.

I don't turn down the radio,
I yell and sing when I am stewed.
To see the townsfolk suffer so;
That is the bliss of solitude.

Come jive with me and be my love,
Our staff of life the treble clef.
Let's amplify the turtle dove,
It's down with *p* and viva *f!*

Give thanks for thumps and bumps and
bangs and rings.
And glory be to God for rattled things.

JEREMIAH SOWERBY

Air: the Koko-Katisha duet in Act 2 of The Mikado

There is pleasure kicking tins along the street:
There is joy in rattling sticks along a rail:
Though it drives some people frantic, satisfaction is
gigantic
In the clatter of a washerwoman's pail.

A washboard scraped by hep-cats is sublime:
Electric drills are lullabies to some:
The sensation's beatific: all your blood goes calorific,
When a bandsman beats his double-bass big drum.

The rip-rap and the cracker make sweet noise:
We like the way the gas-tap sometimes pops;
And now we're simply thirsting just to hear the H-
bomb bursting;
For of all our lovely noises it's the tops.

ALLAN M. LAING

Who now would praise like Thomas Gray
'The noiseless tenor of their way?'
Midst rediffusion's dance and song
The modern ploughman jives along
And the Lake Isle of Innisfree
Displays its bean rows on TV.

The juke-box sounds from pole to pole
While all our rulers rock and roll
And silence is for us a sin
Who worship at the shrine of Din.
The 'still small voice' we now deride
When every voice is amplified
And Liberty now hides her face
While Liberace takes her place.

D. M. F.

For our delectation take
Schoolboy hordes at morning break,
Neighbours' lovelorn cats and dogs,
Folk above who dance in clogs,
Drunks returning in the small hours,
Wirelesses a-blare at all hours,
Sounds that on our innards trespass,
Motor-bikes (especially Vespas),
Roaring traffic never still,
Whistle, hooter, diamond drill,
Screaming jet-planes supersonic,
Interruptions telephonic:
Come, since I must live with thee,
Sweet noisy nymph, Cacophony!

GODFREY BULLARD

Let Stentor be your mentor,
and SHOUT, SHOUT, SHOUT!
For world a-pandemonium,
Pacific-blown euphonium,
And ppp-lutonium,
just SHOUT, SHOUT, SHOUT!

It's US after Suez,
so SHOUT, SHOUT, SHOUT!
Dropped H's, are they non-U?
Who cares, if dropped upon you?
At Dulles (Foster, John) you
must SHOUT, SHOUT, SHOUT!
SHOUT SHOUT SHOUT SHOUT
SHOUT SHOUT SHOUT!

GLORIA PRINCE

OUR MAN IN HAVANA

Graham Greene

a few extracts from a terrific press

"a master at work"

". . . if you value the true novelist's power of unexpected invention and enjoy watching a master at work on a plot . . . you will want to read *Our Man in Havana*."—FRANK KERMODE, *Spectator*.

"wholly delightful"

". . . when it comes to telling a story, however light, the implications of which go beyond the surface narrative, there is still no one to touch Greene."—WALTER ALLEN, *New Statesman*.

"astonishing skill"

". . . graced with that astonishing technical skill which Mr. Greene can use on all levels."—J. B. PRIESTLEY, *Reynolds News*.

"the rarest quality"

". . entertaining fiction of the rarest quality and bite. This is satire that comes off—that literally comes to life."—*Birmingham Mail*. 15s

HEINEMANN

PICK OF TODAY'S SHORT STORIES (9th series) edited by *John Pudney* (15s.). Contributors include: Richard Church, Wolf Mankowitz, William Sansom, Brian Glanville and John Cantwell. 'A connoisseur's number.'

Muriel Spark, *The Observer*.

★

Rupert Croft-Cooke returns to the haunts of his Edwardian childhood in **THE GARDENS OF CAMELOT** (15s.), a book which 'will be read with pleasure and indeed fascination for the love and compassion with which Mr. Croft-Cooke writes.'

Times Literary Supplement.

★

New light is cast on the secret agents' war in France by *Jean Overton Fuller* (author of *Madeleine* and *The Starr Affair*) in **DOUBLE WEBS** (15s.). 'A sensational new book . . . will raise a storm among Whitehall's cloak and dagger men.'

Richard Findlater, *Sunday Dispatch*.

★

A chorus of praise has greeted the publication of *Robert Aron's* **THE VICHY REGIME** (42s., *Book Society Recommendation*). 'It is a story as dramatic and as moving as any novel. Monsieur Aron tells it with energy, compassion and a burning clarity.'

John Connell, *Evening News*.

PUTNAM

THE LONDON MAGAZINE

★

The Autumn Reading Number (now on sale at 3s.) includes:

THE NEW NOVELISTS:

An enquiry, with contributions by Anthony Quinton, Lettice Cooper, Frank Kermode & Maurice Cranston.

★

An important discovery:

THOMAS HARDY

Plots for Five Unpublished Short Stories.

★

A new Story:

GAVIN LAMBERT

A Countess in California.

★

A further Mood of the Month by

ROY FULLER

★

and new Poems by: **EDITH SITWELL, TERENCE TILLER, JACK CLEMO, E. J. SCOVELL.**

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETINGS

ST. MARYLEBONE
All Saints Church Hall. 28th October 8 p.m.
Press Conference
COLIN WILLS DORA RUSSELL

PETERBOROUGH
Town Hall 28th October 7.30 p.m.
ANNE CLARK
Dr. WINIFRED DE KOK
Dr. BARBARA HOLMES

BEDFORD
Corn Exchange 28th October 7.30 p.m.
Dr. PETER ASTBURY
Canon L. JOHN COLLINS
DAMARIS PARKER RHODES
Dr. JOHN WESTON WELLS

SOUTHGATE
Bourne Methodist Church Hall
29th October 8 p.m.
Debate
The Rev. D. A. RHYMES
J. MAYNARD SMITH
for the Campaign

ROMFORD
Lambourne Hall 29th October 8 p.m.
Dr. D. G. ARNOTT ANNE CLARK
D. MARTIN DAKIN
RON LEDGER, M.P.

HORSHAM
Town Hall 29th October
NIGEL CALDER ROGER SNOWDON

BELFAST
Wellington Hall (Y.M.C.A.) 31st October 8 p.m.
The Very Rev. Dr. GEORGE F. MACLEOD
MERVYN JONES

Tickets and further particulars from Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 146, Fleet St., E.C.4.
Tel. FLEet Street 4175

"Secure Savings Through Industrial Bank Deposits"

THIS is the title of our booklet which has been favourably received by the Financial Press. It examines the difference between an Industrial Banking House and any other type of financial institution. It also explains our methods of operation and the nature of our business.

A primary aim of this booklet is to secure fresh deposits—if you are interested in placing from £500 to £15,000 at 7½% interest per annum, your enquiry will be doubly welcome. The company has an increasing volume of business available. We will however, send you a copy even though you may not wish to place a deposit. We feel it is important that the public should know the function and place of Industrial Banking in our economy.

Just ask for "Secure Saving" booklet No. CK7, and a copy of our latest balance sheet.

CAMPBELL DISCOUNT CO. LTD
1 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1
Member of the Industrial Bankers Association

City Lights

Uneasy Boom

The stock markets are in an interesting condition at the moment, willing to boom and yet afraid to rise. They have been rising well, of course, for some time past and people are getting ready for the inevitable setback. But there's more to it than that. People are not merely looking back in surprise at the distance they have come but are beginning to see their own progress reflected and magnified in Wall Street; and if the reflection is a true one, well, it's not a revival in business confidence nor an improvement in the international situation nor even the Gallup poll which deserves the credit for the rise in share prices but a simple expectation of inflation. This is an unpleasant fact for the City to have to face. Either the expectation is wrong, the Federal Reserve authorities will push down Wall Street, the government will act as it declares it will and Grandma is right in deploring the boom talk that has been going round, in which case some investors are going to burn their fingers. Or the expectation will turn out to be right, in which case the government will stand convicted either of incompetence or of dishonesty. Dishonesty is the assumption on which many investors have been working, though they would hate to have to admit it, a belief that the government is refraining from taking action now, when it is needed, only for the sake of a cornucopian election-winning-and-celebrating Budget next year. However delicious the idea of a spree on doctor's orders, a vivid recollection of the last hangover keeps tending to interfere with the pleasure and throw doubt on the doctor's competence. The market has a bad conscience.

* * *

Mr Maudling, talking to the motor industry on the eve of the Motor Show, showed more courage than tact in bringing in the European Free Trade Area. The dreary discussions have gone on for more than two years and are now no further forward than when they began: it is completely uncertain whether this week's meeting will produce any better result than its forerunners. The common market of The Six comes into effective existence at the end of the year, and Mr Maudling will be lucky if he can get any useful agreement on the FTA before then. All that the passing months have done is to show that France is opposed in principle to the idea of a FTA and commands the support, sometimes reluctant, of her partners; the gap between the European desire for political integration and the British desire to ensure that her trade does not suffer has widened rather than narrowed. The advent of de Gaulle has so far scarcely altered the position: far from offering France the opportunity of joining the Commonwealth (French Guinea is more likely?), Britain is now being offered by France the opportunity of joining Little Europe. Unless the deadlock can be broken, the motor car industry will soon be one of many to suffer from the differential tariff.

* * *

The sight of stockbrokers arriving in the City by the early train and queueing up for hours to get their ration of a new issue of shares whose price was bound to rise immediately has become rare in the past year or two; the Stock Exchange Council smelt scandal in the air and altered its rules. Last week, however, the Council was forced to suspend introductions – a facility for providing a quotation for unquoted shares, only a few of which are to be sold through the market – until it could think of some better way of managing them. The trouble arose over the introduction of Pyrotenax, a specialised cable-making company whose shareholders include Imperial Chemical and Reyrolle; the event got a good deal of advance glamorous publicity, an unexpectedly large demand for the shares sprang up, the jobbers began dealing later than usual, queues formed, patience and tempers were strained, and a few elderly and respectable members of the House were moved to complain to the Council of jostling. Whether introductions will again be permitted in another form is still uncertain. The purpose is very often to use the Stock Exchange quotation for assessing the value of an estate, and it is natural to assume that people come to the market for a price only if they expect the market price to be unrealistic.

* * *

The buccaneering rubber company bid – rip out the cash, sell off the estates piecemeal – has become less common since directors woke from their long sleep. The directors now serve their own interests, and that of the industry, by bidding themselves: one group has just made a simultaneous bid for no less than five companies belonging to another.

TAURUS

THE
GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES
LTD.

CONTINUED PROGRESS

The Fortieth Ordinary General Meeting of The Great Universal Stores, Ltd., was held in London on 22nd October, 1958. The report and accounts for the year ended 31st March, 1958, were adopted.

In his circulated statement Mr. Isaac Wolfson, chairman and managing director, said: "Your company has once again achieved an increase in sales and in trading profit over the previous year." Consolidated trading profit was £23,193,764, an increase of £1,563,627. The total dividend for the year, equivalent to the previous year's, was covered 2¼ times. As a result of a scrip issue in June, 1958, issued capital now amounted to £20,944,412. Reserves total £52,345,070. Satisfactory results had been achieved by all seven trading divisions—the Mail Order, Multiple Stores and Shops, Salesman Collector, Household (formerly Furniture) Stores, Overseas, Wholesale, and Manufacturing Divisions. Hire purchase sales showed an increase for the year, but as a result of the restrictions imposed in February, 1955, had represented only 10 per cent. of total domestic sales, but increased turnover in 1958 would be reflected in profits in 1959 and 1960. New acquisitions in the year under review included Hope Brothers, Ltd., and its subsidiary, Hector Powe, Ltd., with a total of 127 establishments, Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., and Whiteaway Laidlaw & Co., Ltd.

Group sales were now in advance of the same period of 1957. "I am confident," Mr. Wolfson concluded, "that the Group will continue to benefit as the country prospers."

GROUP TRADING PROFITS 1949-1958

1949	1950	1951	1952	1953
£4,576,290	£5,896,913	£8,161,150	£10,007,555	£11,443,390
1954	1955	1956	1957	1958
£15,541,292	£18,923,479	£20,273,185	£21,630,137	£23,193,764

The Great Universal Stores Limited, operating over 2,700 Stores, Shops, Warehouses, Factories and Depots throughout the United Kingdom and Overseas.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 576

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'The Tibetan Epic' will be delivered by Professor R. A. Stein (Sorbonne) at 5.30 p.m. on 3 and 4 November at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, WC1. Admission free, without ticket, James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

BRITAIN in Europe. Fabian Weekend School, The Hallams, Guildford, 7-9 Nov. Denis Healey, MP, and other speakers. Details, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

'PRESSURE to Conform'—a weekend Conference. Speakers: Dr William Belson, Dr Norbert Elias, Elkan Allan, Stuart Hall. Friday 14-Sunday 16 November at a comfortable hotel by the sea, with stimulating discussion, friendly company, dancing. Bracklesham Bay Hotel, near Chichester, Sussex. Members: £3 12s. 6d., non-members £3 17s. 6d. Applications to: Autumn Conference Booking Officer, The Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., WC2.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. in 1887, prepares students by post for General Certificate of Education (all Levels) London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others, London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc (Econ), LLB). Teachers' Diplomas, Law, Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, MA, LLD, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

DARTINGTON Music School. Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

THE Modern Method for High Grade Secretarial Work and Verbatim Reporting is Stenotyping (Machine 'shorthand'). Quick and easy to learn. Used increasingly by business concerns and official bodies at home and abroad. Suitable for foreign languages. Call for demonstration or write for prospectus, Palantype College, 229 High Holborn, WC1. HOLborn 5104.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs Chanda, HAM. 7322.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & eveng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH, German, Spanish, Italian – direct method. Reduced fees for long courses. St Giles' School of Languages, 64/66 Oxford Street, W1. MUSeum 4574.

RUSSIAN lessons - given - by Leningrad Univ. grad. E. R., 31 Mowbray Rd NW6.

FRENCH Conversation Courses for Beginners. Discussion Groups. Private Lessons. Correspondence Courses. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. TRA. 2044.

SPANISH by native teacher, all grades to GCE, translations. KNI. 7915.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14 PARk 8392.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

LESCHETIZKY School of Pianoforte Playing (In memory of Mabel Lander). Patron: Sir Malcolm Sargent. 66 Parkhill Rd, NW3. GUL. 3379.

FIRST-class piano teacher accepts beginner & advanced pupils. EUS. 3466, ext. 63.

ELIZABETH Luce School of Dance, Roehampton Hall, SW15. Classical Ballet & Nat. Dancing, Children & Adults, Prosp. 25 Couchmore Av., Esher, Sy. Emberbrook 3854.

PAINTING as a pastime. Mary Law, exhibitor at RA and Paris Salon, has a few vacancies. Beginners welcome. WIL. 6025.

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

WHERE TO STAY

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

RENEW your energy and charm by Nature Cure. 7-day beauty regime with diets, massage, health baths and relaxation in a delightful retreat. Illus. folder: Vernon Symonds, The Brooklands, Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

Winter Sports as you like them! – Tailor made in fact! You decide on the resort, the hotel and the route, and leave the arrangements to Cooks. As past masters of travel they will see to it that you have just the holiday you want. With couchettes on the journey, to Swiss, Austrian and Italian resorts. Write for their brochure, etc.:
THOS. COOK & SON, LTD., Dept. H.C./FZ, Berkeley Street, London, W1, and branches.

WINTER SPORTS FILM SHOWS
in London and the Provinces.
Winter Sports enthusiasts are invited to come and see our Winter Sports films of Austria, Switzerland, Italy and Norway.

Birmingham	27 October
Edinburgh	28 October
London	30 October
Bristol	3 November
Cardiff	4 November
Manchester	5 November
Blackpool	6 November
Cambridge	11 November

Full details of these and our Winter Sports arrangements from
ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 8881.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE Joint Council For Education Through Art has published a Report of their Whitsun Conference, with some searching contributions. This new statement of ideas on education contains papers by Herbert Read, Jaquetta Hawkes, Hyman Levy, Rudolf Laban, etc. Only 1000 copies printed. 124 pages, 5s. 6d. post free from H. E. Lobstein, Jordans, Bucks. Or send s.a.e. for free folder.

AN Unemployment scandal, Tory Pensions, ITV, IMF, BIRD, 'Labour Research', November (1½d. p.f.), 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

CAN the Establishment be Broken? Read 'Conviction', 19s. p.f. from Hampstead's High Hill Bookshop, 11 High Street, NW3. (HAM. 2218.)

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books). Phone AMBassador 1564.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS bought. Left-emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

NON! Le Livre n'est pas cher, surtout pas le 'Livre de Poche', qui s'achète chez Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

KEY Agency, 24 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 8835. Typing, dup., & trnslns.

FRESH typing service. Quick, competitive Theses, Mss, etc., all work welc. Mrs O'Donoghue, 51 Hunts Mead, Billericay.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. MSS., Theses, etc. Mod. terms. MAI. 2659.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St. Tube Stn).

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Road, WC2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

SUSAN Tully Secretarial Service. Complete range high quality typewriting, duplicating. 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN 9893.

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing reports, theses, references, etc. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, SW1 ABB 3772. Rush jobs.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

STELLA Fisher Secretarial, Ltd, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

INTELLIGENT typing of plays, novels, theses, etc. Rapid and expert duplicating. Translations. Dictation by telephone. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

PERSONAL

TV urgently needs scripts! Our Correspondence Course can teach you to earn big money this year. Personal coaching by top TV scriptwriters. Prospectus from Dept. 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley Street, London, W1.

VISAPHONE. The new word-sound-picture method of learning languages. Free trial offer, no deposit. Home demonstrations in London and other areas. Full details: Visaphone Co., 10 Bayley St, WC1. MUS. 7223.

MORTGAGES 1st & 2nd promptly granted. Lloydsam Ltd, 32 Shaftesbury Ave, London, W1. Tel. GER. 2144.

USA. We arrange domestic & Au Pair posts 1 year minimum. Personal interview preferred. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

PHILIP Humpheys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

CAMERA Advice Centre specialises in developing of films by inspection, and quality enlarging. 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

PERSONAL—cont. on page 574

Does your wife see red?

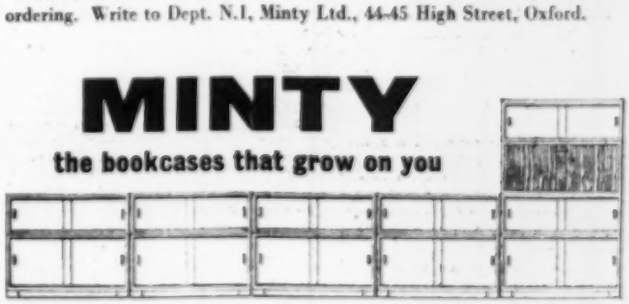
Every Ego or Id. must influence, to a greater or lesser degree, the behaviour pattern of mankind. So your book-habits, which you no doubt fondly believe are your own business, are not a purely domestic matter. If you throw your books around like confetti at a wedding, or if your wife has frequent crying fits after dusting your collected works, it's time you faced the truth—that your book-habits may well start a revolution and bring 1984 and Newspeak closer than is comfortable.

Fortunately, there is always a solution. Minty have specialised for years in making bookcases that house your books behind glass and keep them dust-free. They give your books an elegant, well-tailored home, and leave you more room to walk around in. They allow you to go on reading and buying—for Minty bookcases are *sectional* and may be started for as little as £9.2.0—on deferred terms if you prefer.

Only at Minty showrooms can you see and buy Minty bookcases (and furniture); only by this *direct* selling from Minty to you can Minty offer you such fine furniture at such moderate prices. There are seven Minty showrooms each within reasonably easy reach of most people, but if for any reason you can't call, Minty will be glad to send you a catalogue and particulars of post-ordering. Write to Dept. N.1, Minty Ltd., 44-45 High Street, Oxford.

MINTY

the bookcases that grow on you



OXFORD (HEAD OFFICE) 44-45 HIGH STREET · ***LONDON*** 123 VICTORIA ST., S.W.1
MANCHESTER 7-9 ROYAL EXCHANGE ARCADE · ***BRISTOL*** 50 PARK STREET
BIRMINGHAM 186 CORPORATION ST. · ***GLASGOW*** 556 SAUCHIEHALL STREET
LEEDS SHELL HOUSE, EASTGATE

The Chess Board

No. 467. Nimzo Challenged to a Duel

Of all the irascible, moody, exasperating and yet altogether lovable chess masters, past and present, I could think of no one to equal the oddities, the whims, the irritability of the great Aaron Nimzowitsch. Uncompromisingly apodictic in his theories he was equally outspoken in his personal likes and dislikes. On one occasion, having to play a certain German master (who shall remain nameless) he showed his contempt by staring at his opponent's (1) P-K4 as if he had never seen such a thing. Then, with an insolent shrug, he got up and went for a leisurely walk round the tournament hall. When he came back to sit opposite his irate opponent he gave the board another haughty stare and then took out some newspapers and spent well over an hour reading them and yet another ten or fifteen minutes, appearing to be wrapped up in the crossword puzzle. When finally turning to the board he had barely twenty minutes left until the time-control, but that was quite sufficient to give him a winning position. His irate opponent might well have resigned, but he protracted the game by another 30 or 40 moves right up to the mate. Next morning he sent his seconds, Swords or pistols, they wished to know. "Neither," said Nimzo, grinning and flexing his muscles; "bare fists will have to do, and you can tell your man, that's just as hopeless for him as the chess board."

I found this (along with other and better-known Nimzo-anecdotes) in *Dr. Hannak's* interesting biographical introduction to a new German edition (publ. by *Engelhardt*, Berlin-Frohnau at 10.50 *DM*) of *Mein System*. The English edition of the book having been a standard work for decades, I will restrict my comment to the interesting appendix added to the new German edition: a reprint of a very long article published by Nimzowitsch in the 1913 vol. of the *Wiener Schachzeitung*. The question he puts is "whether Dr. Tarrasch's *Die Moderne Schachpartie* really conforms to modern ideas," and of course the author denies it, opposing vehemently Tarrasch's condemnation of . . . P x P after (3) Kt-QB3 in the French. Far from "relinquishing the centre" (as Tarrasch claimed), (3) . . . P x P, according to Nimzowitsch, is a strong move preparing for the domination of the centre and to be avoided by White's (3) P-K5. I have no space for a good many other points of interest in that article published 12 years before "My System," and anyway, by now we are well aware of Nimzowitsch's ideas and their profound effect on modern chess. Here is one of the master's favourites to illustrate the sin of pawn-snatching.

(1) P-K4, P-K3; (2) P-Q4, P-Q4; (3) Kt-QB3, [against his later principles] Kt-KB3; (4) P x P, Kt x P?; (5) Kt-B3, P-QB4; (6) Kt x Kt, Q x Kt; (7) B-K3, P x P; (8) Kt x P, P-QR3; (9) B-K2, Q x KtP?; (10) B-B3, Q-Kt3; (11) Q-Q2, P-K4; (12) 0-0-0!, P x Kt; (13) B x QP, Kt-B3.

Here—and this can serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners—White forced the win. How?

B (a win) is easy enough and all the more of a bargain for 6 ladder-points as I've used it some 3 or 4 years ago; it should be instructive, though, for new readers; and so is **C** (7 points), a win too and quite a beauty. Usual prizes. Entries by 3 November.

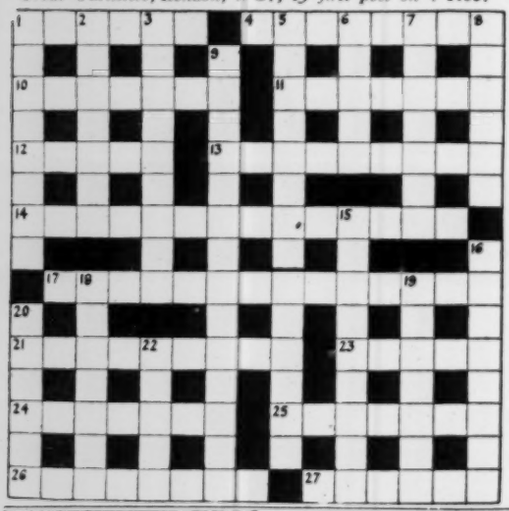
B: A. Nimzowitsch

C: V. Kivi

REPORT on No. 464. Held over ASSIC

Week-end Crossword 326

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 326, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 4 Nov.



ACROSS

1. Put a work of art back after a warning (6).
4. Chinese city press (8).
10. It seems absurd, but a good score is followed by trouble with a ten (7).
11. In returning visits he has something of a veneer (7).
12. Robin is for commercial radio apparently (5).
13. As a corrupt prime minister I desire this skin (9).
14. Scatterings of half a people in one small town? (14).
17. Mercy gains control over the soldiers (14).
21. Someone who needs a little drink after a hot number (9).
23. Stretch of water in a place where a chart is needed (5).
24. Quoted in genuine performance (7).
25. Without the bulb the view would be good (7).
26. 'He fits for fate, and first —— their mind' (Dryden) (8).
27. Name for a member returned between two articles (6).

DOWN

1. Gives an expression of approval, although it contains little weight without pages on an archbishop (8).
2. These routes make it sound as if the atmosphere is heavy (7).
3. Clothing beneath a river (9).
5. She helps to cure a broken mortal shot with pain (8, 6).
6. The relative is pleasant if heartless (5).
7. The playwright takes the place of the dead man (7).
8. It is a crime when I make a home containing a hundred (6).
9. People who were once fairies correspond to see how it works (14).
15. Inclusion of an arrangement of nine trios (9).
16. Weakness as formerly before the fittest turn up (8).
18. Gets rid of the stitch as perhaps Kuts can (7).
19. Test the burst main in the river (7).
20. Supported a scrap about nothing (6).
22. Compete and be not out? (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 324

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 324

Guy Warrack (London, W8)
M. F. Lipworth (Elizabeth, NJ)
M. G. Dickson (London, SE11)

PERSONAL—continued from p. 573

STRONG, capable and kind person wanted to help in cheerful family for two weeks over Christmas. Children 10, 8 & 6. New baby in November. Central London. Good pay and time off. Box 3835.

GRADUATE Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry staff required to conduct week's course during Christmas holidays. Details of qualifications & exper. to Box 3820.

WATFORD: see Meetings Column.

MEDITERRANEAN flat/house reqd 3/4 wks Aug. Sep. 1959 for 3 adults 3 tiny children nr safe uncrowded beach. Box 3824.

EVENING tuition in German wanted. SE area. State terms. Box 3899.

YOUNG professional man (grad.) sks central accomm. with similar. Box 3782.

FREE ski-ing holiday and money offered to University student willing to do a little work. Write: Box 3781.

SINGING. Vienna Diplomée teaches voice production and lieder interpretation. Free audition. Box 3922.

SHOULD incurable sufferers have the right to merciful release? Write Euthanasia Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48A Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

CHILDREN are important people, especially for distant relations: have them photographed now for Christmas at 30 Abbey Gardens or your home by Anthony Panting, MAI. 3200.

CONTINENT. Au pair posts for girls avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

PERSONAL—continued

DEAF Children. You can help by buying an attractive Christmas Card. 6 for 3s. 6d., from the National Deaf Children's Society, 1 Macklin Street, Drury Lane, WC2.

CHILDREN over 3 welcomed as PGs. Mr & Mrs P. D. Wilson, The Gables, Halland, Lewes, Sussex. Tel. Halland 268.

YOUR Xmas card will please a friend; let it also bring fresh hope to a discharged prisoner. Attractive cards in aid of the New Bridge (an association of friends of the discharged prisoner). Regd charity. 7d. each (postage & packing 9d. extra per doz.). Sec., New Bridge, 26 Sloane St, SW1. Mail only.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also small contribution for board & lodg. & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

OFF to the Birketts' for the week-end. Mustn't forget to take along some El Cid Sherry. That's the superb Spanish Amontillado that always earns a glad welcome. (I'll get a bottle for the family at the same time.)

RELAX through Nerve Manipulation, a therapy of proved value for highly-strung people. A reintegrating treatment. The Nerve Centre, 87 Westbourne Terrace, London, W2. Tel.: AMB. 4041.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recordings. Also small Hall & Committee Rooms. Apply: Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

MASSAGE for health and fitness relieves nervous tension. HAM. 2514. 1-4 p.m.

HMV LP Deletions: many numbers still in stock. Collet's Record Shop, 72 Heath Street, NW3. HAM. 6669.

PERSONAL—continued

JOIN Society of Civil Service Authors: enter prize competition "The Civil Service & the Future". For particulars please send s.a.e. 15 Hook Rd, Surbiton.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for free 24-page booklet, which describes the openings for new writers . . . reveals that you can make extra income by writing, wherever you live . . . shows that RI students have sold work to over 1,750 publications – a record without parallel – and that many earn while learning. Regent Institute (Dept F/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair'. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Course & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

HUMANISM—a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

SPEAK Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Tel. Setogni, WEL. 7411/2, for details.

STOP smoking at once—or money back! Easiest way; permanent. Guarantee and free booklet from Dept. J7, Natural Health Co., 23 White Hart Lane, London, SW13.

WE meet to explore and promote progressive ideas in a pleasant and friendly atmosphere. Write Sec. (D), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

ABBATT Toyshop. The right toys at the right age mean busy, happy children. Catalogue free. Dept NS, 94 Wimpole St, W1.

PERSONAL—continued

CULTURED accent, correct speech acquired after a few private lessons. RIV. 7974.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept, N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

FREE interesting list and 'Family Planning' Guide. Durex; Rendells; tonics and surgical goods: Sample 2s. 6d. sent under plain wrapper CMS, 3 Lower Priory, Birmingham 4.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores Ltd, 12 Marriotts Court, Manchester 2, for our price list of our Surgical goods etc.

LET me trace your ancestry. Genealogical research. All kinds. Box 3674.

LONDON Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Def. terms. Branches: Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich, Paris.

CONTEMPORARY Christmas Cards. Exclusive designs by Annigoni, Michael Ayrton, Henry Moore, John Piper, etc., etc., in aid of National Fund for Polio Research. Send foolscap s.a.e. for illustrated price list to Christmas Card Dept., NFPR Office, Well End, Bourne End, Bucks.

SMALL, informal parties are now being arranged for members to meet one another at theatres, cinemas, dances, art exhibitions, music circles, At Homes, etc. Send s.a.e. for particulars and programme to The Companions Club, 11(s) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, London, W1.

PRINTING with Personality – at Country prices. The Priory Press, Malvern.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.

N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

CITY OF BATH EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Bath Academy of Art, Corsham, Wiltshire

Applications are invited for the post of ASSISTANT CATERING SUPERINTENDENT which becomes vacant in January 1959. Applicants should have been trained in Institutional Management and should have had experience of large-scale catering. Salary: £505 × £20 to £565 less £110 for board residence. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from Principal at above address.

H. W. Brand, Director of Education.

CHILD CARE OFFICER TRAINING

Trained CHILD CARE OFFICERS are urgently needed. One-year courses at Birmingham, Liverpool and Southampton Universities and the London School of Economics are available to holders of social science, teaching, or health visiting qualifications. Graduates in other subjects and with suitable experience can also be considered. Grants are available towards fees and maintenance. For courses starting October, 1959, candidates are asked to apply before 31 January. Information from Central Training Council in Child Care, Room 518 (44D) Horseferry House, London, SW1.

ROSH PINAH JEWISH PRIMARY SCHOOL

Mowbray Road, Edgware.

Certificated teacher required immediately for Infant's or Junior Department. SMALL CLASSES. Burnham Scale (London) & Superannuation. Apply in writing to the Secretary at the School.

ASSOCIATION OF SCIENTIFIC WORKERS

Trade Union Organiser required 1 January 1959, to work from office in Sheffield. Salary £787 to £945 per annum. Pension provision. Apply, stating age and experience, to General Secretary, 15 Half Moon Street, London, W1, by 31 October 1958.

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
That journey's not essential.
Perhaps a gentler gradient may
Release your full potential.

Consult us. We specialise in posts that keep a girl on her toes without straining her heart.

THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT
3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2;
316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1

BBC wishes to recruit trainees for journalistic posts in its News services. These comprise news and related programmes in Sound and Television, as well as in those Services directed to listeners overseas. Candidates should preferably be under thirty and of University standard and must have an active interest in current affairs. After a training period trainees will be able to compete for journalistic posts, which include sub-editors, script-writers and reporters. Progress is possible in competition to senior editorial posts and to employment as foreign correspondents. Training salary, according to qualifications, not less than £825 p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.839 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE University of Leeds. Appointments Board. Applications are invited from graduates for appointment as an Assistant Secretary to the Appointments Board on the salary scale £900 × £50 – £1,350 (efficiency bar) × £75 – £1,650 a year. The initial salary will be between £900 and £1,350 according to qualifications and experience. The person appointed will be concerned with students and graduates in arts and non-technical subjects, and experience of work in a field in which arts graduates are employed will be an advantage. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 7 November 1958.

JUNIOR Research Officer required by small but expanding firm of Marketing Consultants, to undertake desk and other types of research. Would suit female graduate in Economics, preferably with suitable experience. A salary of £650 p.a. is envisaged. Please send full details to Marketing Advisory Services, 21 Panton Street, SW1.

CAREERS Problems. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. WEL. 8017.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Clinical Psychologist. Amended Notice. The Royal Albert Hospital Management Committee invite applications for the post of Senior Clinical Psychologist (1,118 male and female mental defective beds.) The duties include the following: In co-operation with the Medical Superintendent, to develop the psychological service within the two hospitals in the Group, and to extend social rehabilitation in respect of appropriate grades of patient. Where possible emphasis will be placed upon the therapeutic and educational aspects, and the psychological department will take an active part in designing and supervising such schemes. The clinical work will include personality assessment, besides psychometric testing, together with scope for individual and joint research. The Hospital has a link with the University of Manchester, in that it is partly responsible for the teaching of DPM students and Psychiatric Social Workers. In addition, practical and theoretical training are given to students in preparation for the Diploma of the National Association for Mental Health; the Hospital also has a large and active Nurse Training School. Candidates should possess a Degree in Psychology. Preference will be given to those of Honours status, with post-graduate experience. Salary scale £1,050—£1,445 per annum. NHS Whitley Council Conditions of Service. National Health Service Superannuation Scheme. A cottage will be available for a married officer. Applications, stating full particulars, together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent not later than 22 November 1958, to the Group Secretary, Royal Albert Hospital, Lancaster, from whom any further information may be obtained.

CLINICAL Psychologist (sole, wholetime) required at Broadmoor Institution, Crowthorne, Berks., (920 beds), for persons of unsound mind of criminal tendencies. Salary £790 (age 25) £945 (age 30 or over) to £1,080. National Health Service conditions and superannuation. Further information from Medical Superintendent to whom applications naming three referees should be sent before 17 November 1958.

CITY of Leicester Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist in the School Psychological Service. Duties include educational and clinical work and afford much scope. Candidates will be expected to possess a degree in psychology, practical training in child psychology, and teaching experience. Ability to lecture an asset. Salary in accordance with Grade I of the Educational Psychologist's Scale. Further particulars and form of application may be obtained from the undersigned quoting Reference 148C. Completed applications should be returned to the Director of Education, Newarke St. Leicester, not later than 14 days after the appearance of this advertisement.

LONDON County Council. Aylwin Secondary Girls' School, 55 Southwark Park Rd, SE16. Headmistress required Easter 1959 for this Grammar School with a roll of about 600 girls. Burnham Group XI based on an average unit total of 1,063 for 1956-8. Courses lead to GCE at all levels. Music, drama and art are strong features of school. Apply on Form TS10 obtainable with further particulars, from The Education Officer (TS/10), The County Hall, London SE1, and returnable to him by 8 Nov. (Candidates who have completed Form TS10 within the last year and have nothing to alter, may complete Form TS10B). Applicants who applied in response to the previous advertisement will be considered without further application unless they withdraw. (2081)

KING Alfred School, North End Road, NW11. Independent Day School (founded 1898, recognised 1928). Headmaster: B. H. Montgomery, MA (Oxon). The Governing Body invites applications for the early appointment of a woman deputy-head, with a view to co-headship later. Candidates should be experienced teachers of good academic qualifications and understand the work of a co-educational school of 280 boys and girls (ages 5 to 18) which has high standards of achievement in varied fields. Detailed applications, stating teaching subjects offered, with recent testimonials and the names of two persons of standing to whom reference should be made, must reach the Secretary before 10 Nov.

HEMEL Hempstead Development Corporation. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant to work in all sections of Department concerned with research, public relations and community development. University degree, preferably in one of the Social Sciences, and ability to handle elementary statistics, an advantage. Salary within scale £631-£716 or £562-£647 per annum according to experience. Conditions of service similar to those in Local Government. Housing accommodation may be available. Applications, endorsed "Vacancy No. 128", giving age, education, qualifications and experience and names of two referees, should reach General Manager, Westbrook Hay, Hemel Hempstead, by 3 November.

KODAK, Ltd. require editor for staff magazine. Experience of editorial work desirable. Evidence of writing ability should be sent with application to Mr F. C. Mattison, Personnel Department, Kodak, Ltd, Harrow, Middlesex.

YOUNG girl reqd for interesting employment with West End Antiquarian Bookseller. Typg & fluent French essen. Box 3804.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. A Research Assistant is required for at least one year for a national survey of the aged, to interview Welfare officials and residents at residential homes in various parts of England. Some experience in social research, interviewing, or the welfare services is desirable. Salary according to qualifications and experience, about £650. Applications should be sent to Peter Townsend, Skepper House, 13 Endsleigh Street, London, WC1, by 31 October 1958.

DEPUTY to the Matron at Home for 400 children living in thirty-six small cottages at Shirley, nr. Croydon, Surrey. Position would suit energetic woman, pref. trained in domestic management and catering, interested in and aware of modern methods of child care. She would assist Matron in oversight of general domestic and housekeeping arrangements of home (incl. clothing and catering) and should be able to advise house parents on day-to-day domestic problems. Pleasant self-contained flat provided. Good promotion prospects. Home situated in attractive estate of some seventy-seven acres, only thirty-five minutes' journey from Central London and fifteen minutes from Croydon. Salary £550-£630, less £128 8s per annum for board, etc. Closing date 1 November 1958. Further partics from Children's Officer (SEDO/2023), County Hall, London, SE1.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Child Care Officers. Applications invited from women for appointment as Child Care Officers, APTDI, in Children's Department. Salary not less than £635 for suitably qualified candidates. Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a university diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Scheme of Conditions of Service for APT and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, by 3 November, 1958. Canvassing forbidden.

LONDON County Council. Education Officer's Department. Experienced social workers, designated assistant organisers of children's care work, required to recruit, train, and advise voluntary workers forming care committees attached to London Schools. Opportunities for wide and varied work dealing with school children in their family relationships. Social science qualifications and/or experience of family case work desirable. Salary £592 10s. × £37 10s.—£742 10s. × £35—£777 10s. × £15—£792 10s. Commencing rate according to qualifications and experience. The posts are temporary in the first instance but normally lead to permanent appointment later. Application forms with full details, obtainable from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/C), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 31 October 1958.

CARDIFF firm, whose principal is entering Parliament, requires Solicitor to take full charge of litigation department where considerable amount of Trade Union work is handled. Must have ample experience, hard working and ambitious, preferably in the thirties. Commencing salary, £1,250 to £1,750, according to experience and ability. Excellent prospects. Assistance with housing if necessary. Box 3847.

HOUSEFATHER required spastic residential centre (16-25). Good living conditions, full social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd., Croydon. ADD. 2310.

MARKET Investigations Limited have vacancies for full-time women interviewers, preferably graduates, to work independently on a wide variety of surveys. Any previous experience of interviewing is less important than the ability to handle people sympathetically and an interest in experimental techniques. The posts are based on London but involve some travelling for which generous allowances are paid. Please write with full details to Fieldwork Officer, Market Investigations, Ltd, 1-2 Berners Street, W1.

PHYSICS. Grad. tutor (f.) reqd from Jan. for part-time work. Lond., W1. Box 3896.

OUTER London publishing house requires secretary for Head of Editorial Department. Good shorthand typist, with some experience. 20-30. Box 3892.

PERSONAL Assistant, male or female, to Director of small but expanding market research and publicity unit specialising in agriculture. To administer surveys and undertake desk research. Degree an asset. Box 3871.

LARGE West End publisher requires a well-qualified secretary, with previous experience, for Director in charge of administration and home educational books. Conditions of employment include 5-day week, canteen on premises and a non-contributory pension scheme. Salary £525 to £575 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Please write stating age, education, secretarial training and previous experience, together with the names of two people to whom reference may be made, to Box 3848.

SHORTHAND Typist/Clerk – experienced – for Social-Welfare Department of United Synagogue, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, WC1. Tel. EUS. 4300, Mr. L. Wilson.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECY/shd. typist required, interesting work, TU office. Salary scale £9 9s.-£11 11s. 3 weeks hols. after 1 yr. Apply in writing, Mr. Paynter, Association of Scientific Workers, 15 Half Moon Street, W1.

INTERESTING part-time secretarial job in editorial office of weekly journal, 2½ hours, 5 days a week. Good English, good shorthand-typing. Married woman of good educ. background willing "brush up" speeds wd be considered. Ring EUS 1056 for interview.

WIDOWER, travelled, offers intelligent lady (paramount importance: warm maternal instincts for 2 motherless girls, 10-14, school all day) family life and privacy in comf., roomy Hamp'stead flat. Piano, records, books, TV. Keep house & cooking (charwoman rough work). Remuneration commensurate. Davis, 36 Companye Gdns. NW6. (MAI. 6543).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

AMBITIOUS young Indian graduate, desirous of getting working knowledge and practical experience in Banking in London, seeks job in a Bank. Offers or suggestions gratefully received. Box 3196.

EVANGELINA Magoussoglou. Economics Univ. grad. in Greece, wants to work in London. Greek, French, German. Box 3861.

WORTHWHILE post sought by adaptable sec. p.a. now losing hope. Exp. advtg, publicity, fashion. Good spelling, figures. Interested music, lit., theatre, food. Box 3785.

GENTLEMAN, 60, healthy, alert, university-educated (economics, sociology), practical experience as editor of trade papers and as independent mail bookseller, knowledge of modern languages and of some technics, widely read and travelled, wants any part-time job soon. Write Box 3852.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

LARGE bed-sitting room, bed-linen, tel., elec. light, suit prof. business lady, £3 weekly, references. Box 3802.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd., East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

STREATHAM: Furn. flats. Also lge house for long let. Best locality. Box 3780.

BACHELOR, graduate, offers share small but comfortable Hampstead flat with another, about 30. Box 3825.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

FURNISHED house to let December to April. 3 bedrooms, 10 gns. COL. 1031.

V. attract. div. rm, pleas. surrndgs. H. & c., ample ckg fac. WIMbledon 9516.

HIGHGATE. Nr tube & buses, 2-room flatlet. Own cooking facilities and use kitchen. 2 beds. 70s. p.w. FIT. 0952 (evgs).

HAMPSTEAD. F. div. sit.-rm. overlkg Heath, own k. Prof. lady pfd. Box 3893.

KENSINGTON. Sunny b/s. mod. court. C.h., c.h.w., own bath, use kit. WES. 2267.

SEMI-basement bed-sit. room, separate entrance. £3 3s. Phone KEN. 8835.

CHARMING v. large double studio with balcony. Hampstead. Furn. Ckg. facs. Privacy. 6 gns. HAM. 1547 or SWI. 2318.

PRIVATE residence, period house in Pinner Green locality – to the elderly – dispense with housekeeping worries: live in a happy atmosphere and lovely surroundings. Write Box 3832.

COMFORTABLE home for business man; mod. terms. Mrs Thomas, E. Stour, Dorset.

CROYDON. 3 minutes station, unfurnished flat, excellent condition, 4 rooms. Rent £156. F. & f. £100. Box 3917.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

GRAD. (f) 29, shs. room, share in flat, or girls view flat-hunting. Box 3842.

INDIAN student, 30, wants partial board in very quiet house (no traffic noises, etc.), where only 1 or 2 other boarders taken. Within easy reach of Holborn. Box 3821.

SOUTH Kensington. Professional couple (baby January) urgently need two quiet airy rooms, h.w. and cooking facilities, space for pram., at very mod. rent. Box 3897.

RESIDENTIAL studio or studio house reqd. pref. Ken. or Chelsea. WES. 1302.

YOUNG woman wants furnished flat in radical household, easy reach Crouch End. Moderate rent and no lace curtains. Box 3770.

SCHOOLS

MERLAND House, 4½-14 yrs. Bexhill-on-Sea. 8x. Individual attention. Tel. 1613.

KING Alfred School (F.1898) Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, NW11.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI. 3391). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & Sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon)

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN

THE ROYAL BALLET

27 & 30 Oct., 1, 5 & 7 Nov. at 7.30 — Ondine
4 Nov. at 7.30 & 8 Nov. at 2.0 — Lady & the Fool, Agon, The Firebird

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

31 Oct., 3, 6, 8 & 10 Nov. at 7.0 — Boris Godunov (in Russian)

Rep. incl. The Bartered Bride, Samson, Aida (in Italian), Rosenkavalier.
COV. 1066.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, CARLISLE

Touring Opera 1958 presents
GRAND OPERA
27 October-1 November

Mon. — Carmen
Tues. — The Barber of Seville
Wed. — Madame Butterfly
Thurs. — The Bartered Bride
Fri. — Don Giovanni
Sat. (Mat.) — The Bartered Bride
Sat. (Evg) — Cav. and Pag.
Evenings 7.15. Saturday 2.15.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672
OPERA SEASON

29, 31 Oct., 6 & 8 Nov. — The Flying Dutchman
30 Oct., 5 & 7 Nov. — The Merry Widow
1 Nov. — Samson & Delilah

Evenings 7.30.

THEATRES

ANGEL Theatre, 18 Chepstow Villas, W11. BAY. 6700, present 'That's The Spirit', by Kenneth Saunders, from Mon. 27 Oct.-Sun. 9 Nov. at 7.30 nightly, inc. Sundays. Genuine medium appears with full prof. cast, inc. one of TV Toppers. Seats 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Mems.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu/Fri. 8. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. 'Garden District'. Com. 29 Oct., 7.15, 'Garden of Loneliness'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Intimate Revue. 2-yr., fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Last week of 8th Ed. 9th Ed. commences 26 October.

PRINCES. Tem. 6596. Polish Mime Co. Direct Wroclaw. 'Unique', 'Fantastic'. Evgs. 7.30, Sat. 5.15, 8.30.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Com. 28 Oct., 7.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Wd. 2.30. Beckett's 'End-Game' and 'Krapp's Last Tape'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Evs. 8. Sat. 5 & 8. Brendan Behan's 'The Hostage'.

TOWER. 7.30, 24, 25 Oct. (Mems. 26), 30, 31, 1 Nov., 'Lower Depths'. CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). 3475 (bef. 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391 'Tripe & Onions', Last week. Fri-Sun. 7.45 Mems.

CONCERTS

PIANO RECITAL
by
ERNEST KYNASTON
at Wimbledon Town Hall.
Thursday 6 November, 7.30 p.m.
Brahms, Chopin, Schumann
Tickets: Maxwells, WIMbledon 4276, & Ernest Kynaston Piano School, WIM. 0168.

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23 – Free Concerts Wednesday evenings at 7.45 p.m.: 29 October: Music of the Tudors and Stuarts played on Instruments of the Period. The Carl Dolmetsch Quartet, directed by Carl Dolmetsch, CBE. 5 November: Indian Dances by Vasanti Asirvatham Selver: Interspersed with films on music and dancing in India. 12 November: The History of the Military Band by students of the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall Conductor: Mr R. Bashford, ARCM, PSM, School Bandmaster and Assistant to the Chief Instructor. 19 November: Rumanian, Bulgarian and British Folk Songs by Esther Salaman (mezzo-soprano) accompained by Paul Hamburger. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light Refreshments avail. 7-7.40 p.m.

ASIAN Music Circle. Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin. 1. Srimati Indrani and her musicians in Dances of India. Opening Concert at Conway Hall, WC1. 6 Nov. 8 p.m. 2. Course of fortnightly Lecture-Recitals on Asian Music and Dance (Tuesdays). 3. Classes in Indian Dancing, Sitar, Tabla, etc. Further inf. re. Membership, other Recitals: Hon. Sec., AMC, 18 Fitzalan Road, N.3. FIN. 2934.

CONCERTS—continued

PROKOFIEV Piano Sonatas: two illustrated talks by Mr Frank Merrick, FRCM, tonight and Fri. 31 Oct, 7.30 p.m. Tape recording recital, Sunday 9 Nov., 7 p.m. At SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. 2s.

CECILE Dolmetsch concert Sat. 1 Nov. 7 p.m. Arts Council, 4 St James Sq., SW1. Tickets: Chappell's Box Office, MAY. 1177.

MON. next 27 Oct., at 7.30, Rudolf Steiner Theatre. June Kelly, soprano, presents 'America Scene in Song', in costume from colonial times to the present, with Gibner King (Pianoforte). 9s., 6s., 3s. Chappell's, 50 New Bond St. W1, and Theatre Mon. next.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 26 Oct: 'Smiles of a Summer Night' (X). From 27 Oct.: 'The Seventh Seal' (X).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. Wk c. 26 Oct. 7 days. I. Cirmichael. R. Attenborough. T.-Thomas. Lucky Jim. An Inspector Calls. A.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Art Films Sunday 2.30 and 3.45. 26 October: Stanley Spencer 1. Cookham Village; Stanley Spencer 2. War and Peace.

WINTER Sports Film Shows in London and the Provinces (arranged by Erna Low Travel ervice, of 47 Old Brompton Rd, SW7) – see under 'Holiday Travel'.

ICA. 17 Dover Street, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today Saturday 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their Guests 5s.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Dance, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Sat. 25 Oct. 7.30-11. Tkts 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

DISCURIO, London's fascinating new music, record and hi-fi shop in Shepherd Market, invites you to its exhibition of Dance and Opera Silhouettes by Lotte Reiniger, 9 Shepherd Street, W1. HYDe Park 6939.

PASTERNAK – a selection of the works of Leonid Pasternak illustrating 'The Russian Scene', at the Pushkin Club, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Last week; closing 1 Nov. Weekdays 12 noon-6 p.m. Suns. 3-6 p.m.

BARNETT Freedman and John Minton. Two exhibitions of paintings, drawings and graphic art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 12 November. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Adm. 1s. (admits to both exhibitions).

AN Exhibition of Glass and Earthenware by Timo Sarpaneva and Kaj Franck of Finland and Paolo Venini of Italy, 20 October to 1 November, Lower Ground Floor, Woollands of Knightsbridge, SW1.

GERMAN Graphic Art & Sculpture; RBA Galleries, Pall Mall East, SW1: 10-5 (not Suns). Adm. 1s. 6d.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. Recent Paintings by L. S. Lowry. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Closes 31 October.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. 20th century Drawings, Collages, Watercolours. Aleksander Zyw, Paintings. Until 7 Nov. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ST George's Gallery. The 'Sea Suite' by Allin Braund, 8 magnificent colour lithographs. 7 Cork Street, W1. REGent 3660 weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

THE Waddington Galleries: Trevor Bell Paintings daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Women's International Art Club Annual Exhibition. Last three days. Today and Saturday 11-6; Sunday 2-6. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings & Monotypes Derrick Greaves.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Language of the Wall: Parisian graffiti photographed by Brassai. Until 1 November. Admission 1s. Members free. Weekdays 10-6, Saurdays 10-1. Library: Alechinsky – Choses sur papier. Until 1 November.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Robert Fontene, Frank Fidler, Moshe Tamir. Till 1 November. Daily 10-6 except Saturday.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

SUMMERHILL School Society: exhibition and sale of contemporary Japanese Art from Thursday 23 Oct. – Sunday 9 Nov. Proceeds will go to the School funds. Times, 10 a.m. – 6.30 p.m. including Sats & Suns at The Angel Theatre, 18, Chepstow Villas, W11. BAY 6700. Admission free.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

GALLERY One (GER. 3529). Christoforou New paintings. Oct.-Nov.

NEW English Art Club: RBA Gal., Pall Mall East, SW1. 10-5 (Not Suns). 1s. 6d.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paul Branson, 27 Oct.-8 Nov. Denis Lowson, 27 Oct.-22 Nov. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

FRIENDS OF THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY OF JERUSALEM
Third Herbert Samuel Lecture
His Excellency Mr Abba Eban, Ambassador of Israel to the USA, Permanent Representative of Israel to the UN.
on
THE TIDE OF NATIONALISM
(A Topical Survey of Political and Cultural Movements in the Middle East)
at Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. Wednesday, 29 October, 1958 at 5.30 p.m. Chairman: The Rt Hon. Viscount Samuel.
Admission Free. Friends and Guests welcome. Please be in your seats by 5.20 p.m.

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB
PETER JACKSON: 'THE MASS PERSUADERS: ADVERTISING'. THE MARQUEE, next to Academy Cinema, Oxford St, W1. Mon., 27 Oct., 7.30. 2s. Mems 1s.

SHOWING NOW
10 a.m. to midnight
ULR – TWELVE PAINTERS
Ayrton, De Francia, Korn, Zulawski, Herman, Middleditch, Turner, Bury, Miskin, Roberts, Greaves, Richards.
THE PARTISAN COFFEE HOUSE,
7 Carlisle St, Soho Sq., W1.

NOW OPEN
THE PARTISAN COFFEE HOUSE
7 Carlisle St, Soho Sq., W1.
Britain's first Left Coffee House. London's first Anti-Espresso Bar, 10 a.m. to midnight, seven days a week.

LONDON Schools Left Club, 31 Oct., 5.45, Marghanita Laski, 'Aspects of Advertising'. 7 Carlisle St, W1. Entrance 9d., members free (School students only).

HERBERT Morrison, MP, on 'Is Parliament Democratic?' Fabian Autumn Lecture, Caxton Hall, Wednesday, 29 Oct., 7.15. Admission 2s. 6d.

SPLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 11 a.m., Sun., 26 Oct. Archibald Robertson, MA, 'Ethics and Arithmetic'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

'CONFLICT or Partnership – The Zionist Movement and the State of Israel'. Lecture by Mr Woolf Perry, Chairman, Z.F. Chair: Dr I. S. Fox. Friends House (garden entrance), Mon., 27 Oct., 8 p.m.

KENYA Students' Assn. Public Meeting. Sixth Anniversary of Emergency in Kenya. Spkrs Dr David Pitt, Mbiyu Koinange & Joseph Murumbi. Holborn Assembly Hall, off Theobald's Rd, 7.30 p.m., 25 Oct. Adm. free.

'COMMUNITY Living', speaker & discussion (Group in formation): Watford Branch Progessive League, Thursday, 6 Nov., 7.45 p.m. at Cookery Nook, 93 The Parade, High St (Near ponds), Watford.

SOVIET Law: 2 lectures at SCR, 14 Kensington Square, W8: Thurs. 30 Oct: 'Soviet Criminal Law & Criminal Procedure', by Dr B. S. Nikiforov (USSR Academy of Sciences); Thurs. 20 Nov.: 'The Rights of the Citizen in Soviet Law', by B. S. Krylov (Moscow University). Begin 7.30 p.m. Adm. 2s.

GEO. W. de la Warr on 'Mind and Matter'; Margaret R. Kent on 'Relaxation'. Nature Cure Clinic Public meeting Thurs. 30 Oct., 7 p.m., Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, SW1. Adm. free. Collection.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 24 Oct., 8 p.m. Anatole Goldberg: 'New Developments in Soviet Literature'.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ICA. 17 Dover Street, W1. 'Mary Stuart': Stephen Spender and Peter Wood discuss the problems of translating and producing Schiller's 19th-century Elizabethan play for a 20th-century audience. Tuesday 28 October 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

'THE Great Experiment in American Literature', Third of 7 lectures on Tuesday evenings, 6.30 p.m., presented by The Cultural Affairs Office, American Embassy, 41 Grosvenor Sq. Dennis Welland (Univ. of Nottingham) speaks on 'Emily Dickinson and her "Letter to the World" ', 28 Oct.

ADLERIAN Society. Inaugural lecture, 'Adlerian Psychotherapy', Dr E. Weissmann. Thurs. 30 October, 7.30 p.m. punctually. Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. Non-members welcome, 2s.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture, Wed., 29 Oct., 6.30 sharp: 'Immortality', M. O'C. Walshe. Also Tue. 4 Nov., 6.30, Beginners' Class opens (4 lectures, fortnightly, open to all). Read 'The Middle Way' (new number out 1 Nov.), articles on all aspects of Buddhism, report on Summer School, etc., 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Information TAT. 1313.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 28 Oct. J. Hutton Hynd, 'Reason and Emotion in Discussion'.

PIUS XII – Man of Peace? Caxton Hall (York Hall), SW1. Thurs., 30 Oct., 7.30. A. Manhattan, F. A. Ridley, A. Pigott, H. Hawton, et al. Adm. free. Organised by National Secular Society.

SHAW Society: Page Arnot on 'Shaw in his 60's; 7 Albermarle St, W1. 31 Oct., 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. 6d. Enquiries: 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N18.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Soc. 7.15, 26 Oct. Hector Hawton: 'Techniques of Brainwashing'. 37 Broadhurst Gardens, NW6.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue. A. A. Burall and J. B. Coates on 'A Programme for the Humanist Movement', Conway Hall, Friday, 31 Oct., 7.30 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W.8, 1 November at 6 p.m. Film: 'La Traversée de Paris'.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sunday, 26 Oct. 32 Tavistock Sq. Euston. Discourse, Rev. Jack Austin, 'Combatting the Three Fires'.

'THE Trinity in our Reckoning Processes, and in the World's Spiritual History,' Oscar Kollerström, Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, SW1, Mon. 27 October, 8.15 p.m.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall. 7.45 p.m., Wed., 29 Oct. 'The Nature of Art'. Admission free.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 26 October, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. Nina Spiller: 'Women's Responsibilities The World Over'.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public Lecture, Sunday, 26 October, 8 p.m. 'Psychism and Spiritualism'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N10; Swami Ghanananda. Suns. 5 p.m.: Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs. 30 Oct., 7.30, Caxton Hall, SW1: Teachings Common to Six Systems of Indian Philosophy. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENT Arts Socialist Assn. Public Mtg. 'A Socialist Plan for the Entertainment Arts?' Chair: Stephen Swingler, MP. Speakers include Benn Levy, George Elvin, Roger Snowdon & ors. 7.30, Sun., 26 Oct., 'Cranbourne', 1 St Martin's Lane. Mems 's., non-mems 2s.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ABINGDON. WEA course 'French Politics'. Thursday, 30 October, 8.30 p.m., Abingdon Public Library.

LINGUISTICS and Religion. A course of study sessions by St. Anne's Society on Mondays at 8 p.m. at Church House, Westminster, beginning 27 October. T. S. Gregory in the chair. Speakers include Alasdair MacIntyre, Anthony Quinton, D. W. Hamlyn, etc. Enquiries to Society at 7 Tufton St, SW1. ABB. 3760.

THE Montessori Society Week-end Course at Regional College of Art, Manchester. Friday night and Saturday till 4 p.m., 7 & 8 November, 1958. Fee 7s. 6d. Application and particulars from Miss S. K. Chisholm, 19 Hill Top Avenue, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire.

RITUAL Dance Drama will be rehearsed and produced at a Course taken by Lisa Ullmann and Geraldine Stephenson on Saturdays, 15 November, 6 December, 1958; 24 January and 21 February, 1959, at YWCA, Great Russell Street. WC1. Details from Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on page 573

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
By air mail to Europe 90s.; Middle East 98s.; N. & S. America, India & Pakistan 118s.; Australia, New Zealand, Japan, 140s.
By air express to W. Africa 90s.; E. Africa 95s.; S. Africa, India 98s.; Singapore & Malaya 105s.; Australia 130s.
USA: $9 (surface), $19 (air)

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1. Postage on this issue, inland 2½d, foreign 2½d, Canada 1d